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THE GEM OF THE TRANSVAAL

OR FOR LOVE OF A BOER MAIDEN

BY CAPTAIN ROBERT MAYNARD.

CHAPTER I.

Dick Turner had been in a little over eighteen months in the South African country when the events which form the foundation of this story transpired. Events which were destined to change his whole career, and to wake the world to a sense of the power and progress of one of the great nations of the earth.

He had found the Boers, who inhabited the country in which he had cast his lot, an industrious and economical race. Their religion was of the fervency which borders on fanaticism. They were peaceful when their rights and interests seemed secure, but were brave and daring when it came to a struggle for national independence.

The Boers who had for more than a century been hemmed in on one side by the progressive Britains and on the other by the wild savages had long since grown to rely on their strong arms for protection. It was specific confortune that they were so few in numbers when contrasted with the great powers, and it was a further misfortune to them that the greatest diamond and gold mines in the world were discovered within their territory after they had settled upon it. They would probably have remained at peace had not the incomparable wealth of the mines called adventurers from all quarters of the globe. Naturally among these seekers after wealth were many unscrupulous men of all nationalities, whose greed and incursions, pitted against the exactions of the fanatical and clannish Boers, embroiled the republic in a war with the great English nation, whose people would rather have had enduring peace. It was Dick Turner's destiny to be drawn into this whirlpool of contending forces and to encounter many strange adventures.

The sun was sinking behind the western mountains in the region of Kimberly. The cloudless day was done and the shades of one of those delightful evenings in South Africa was approaching.

This country, once placed on the old maps as a desert, had been transformed by the thrift and industry of the Boers into a garden spot of the world. There the apple and peach, the orange and lime grow side by side. There that delightful warm temperature from 67 to 90 can always be found at any season of the year.

Dick Turner, mounted on a splendid horse, black as midnight, was descending the mountains north of the great Kimberly diamond mines.

The country round about was wild and picturesque in the extreme. Deep chasms were below and serrated peaks above. The hollow roar of the waterfall on his right, and the rustling leaves seemed silent.

It was a dark and dangerous route to travel, and one less bold than Dick Turner would feel some trepidation at going through Kimberly pass late in the evening.

He carried a short gun at his saddle bow and a brace of revolvers buckled about his waist.

His cheek was flushed with pleasure as there came to his mind the vision of a beautiful Boer maiden, the daughter of the rich old miner, Van Brom. Eloise Van Brom was the most beautiful maiden in South Africa, that was admitted by all who had ever seen her.

She was as good as she was beautiful. A very patriotic, religious girl, who sang psalms and offered prayers every day.

She had many lovers, though Eloise was no coquette, but the young American seemed to be the one whom she most favored.

Dick was a native of Massachusetts, of good, though not rich, family. He traced his blood back to the heroes of Lexington and Bunker Hill. He was a roving youth, and love of adventure, and a desire to do something in the diamond mines, led him to go to South Africa.

He had been in the employ of Cecil Rhodes and other miners, and had become an expert lapidary, for his father was a diamond-cutter, and he had early learned the art.

It was while traveling over the mountains prospecting that his horse slipped and fell, and Dick was picked up insensible by Van Brom and his son Hans, and carried to their house, where Eloise and her mother nursed him back to life and health.

Dick was not in a great hurry to recover, for somehow it was delightful to lie there with those soft brown eyes, that golden hair and smiling face in view. She spoke English, but in a broken cadence of sweetest music, which seemed to add to its charm.

From that time on the young miner became a frequent visitor at the home of Van Brom, the miner. He had taken long strolls with her about the mountain dales and lovely dells.

Andalusia is not more fair than the Transvaal or Congo Free State. She raved poetry, she loved beautiful scenery, and here they had all. No skies were bluer, no sun shone brighter, no hills were a richer green or more russet brown than those of the Free State.

The Chinaman paused, looking at the dog.

They fled, taking their wounded man with them, and leaving the slain where he had fallen.

Dick dismounted and ran to the young man whose horse had been killed and who had fallen, stunned by a murderous blow.

No wonder Dick was a little anxious to reach the home of the old Boer. A smile played over his face and he occasionally fondled some beautiful gems which he carried in his pockets.

Then would he recalled the recent depredations of mountain robbers, he felt a little thrill run through his frame.

Again, hardly any it was a thrill of fear, for Dick was almost without fear, but an adventure, or the prospect of one, produces an exciting thrill even in the bravest.

It had almost grown dark, when the air was suddenly rent by a yell.

"Help, help, help!" called a voice in the distance.

"Some one is in trouble," said Dick.

Bang! went a shot.

"Come down to it, Nightshade!"

And away flew his powerful horse, like the wind down the narrow, dangerous path.

Dick unslung his carbine from the saddle and fixed his eyes ahead.

It had by this time grown quite dark for him to see distinctly, but he saw moving objects struggling as if in a fight.

"Quick, Nightshade!"

Another dash. A stumble. A short shock. The next moment he was close enough to see that a desperado was dragging a man from his horse, which they had shot dead.

"Ah, ha! up there, you robber devils!" roared Dick.

Like a thunderbolt his horse sped down the declivity.

Crack, crack, crack! went his carbine, sending the spiteful bullets hissing about the heads of the bandits.

One was struck in the jaw and ran yelling away and a second dropped lifeless at the side of the path.

The other four had raised their carbines to return the fire, when there came a rage from below the hill which sounded like the bellow of some enraged bull and a moment later the thunder peace of an Antwerp elephant gun shook the hills and a three-pound shell tore up the earth at the feet of the outlaws.

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"Are you wounded?" he asked.

"No, not badly!" he answered in perfect English. "I got a severe blow on my shoulder, but I don't think any bones are broken."

By his dress and manner it was easy to see that he was an Englishman.

"Where are you from?" Dick asked.

"Kimberly."

"What are you up here in the mountains?"

"I was with a party prospecting and became lost, sir," the stranger answered. "I am an American and was on a prospecting tour myself. But you are home?"

"Yes, my horse was killed under me, and fell upon my ankle," he answered. "It is only sprained. I am quite sure it's not broken. But I forget to thank you for saving my life. Those brigands no doubt would have murdered me. Tell me whom I have to thank for saving my life."

"I am Richard Turner from America, near Boston."

"I have been in Boston."

"But I am not the only friend you had, it seems. That big Antwerp gun scared them away," put in Dick.

Some one could be heard scrambling up the incline. The puffing and tramping of feet and next moment brought Hans Brom with his sun-browned face, the clear blue eyes and reddish-brown hair showing under his broad-brimmed hat.

Hans recognized his American friend and called in tolerable English:

"Vot has become of de roppers, Dick; vere is de roppers?"

"All ran, Hans, but one, and he could not run. We owe our lives to you, no doubt, for had not your elephant gun spoken in such thunder tones, I am afraid the robbers would have proven too many for us."

"Oh, the bill, mineher, but that I far to late. I vas afraid I vould vrive you."

"It was a good shot and made them scatter like hens, what are we to do with this gentleman?"

"Who you vas?" asked Hans, approaching the young Englishman, his gun in his left hand, while his right was outstretched for a friendly grasp.

"I am Jack Rhodes, an Englishman."

A faint look of displeasure passed over the Boer's face, for a coolness had come between the Boers and the English. But the Boer is noted for his hospitality, and the kind-hearted Hans discovered that the stranger was hurt, and said he must attend with him.

"It be only a mile to my home and we shall dake the stranger there. I no like de English, but den why vas one be in distress we dake him home."

"Can you walk, Mr. Rhodes?"

"No, no; I can't bear my weight on this foot."

"Then come, mount my horse and we will be going at once. By the way, Hans, we know not how soon those mountain devils may be reinforced and attack us. You had better reload your gun."

Hans's old Antwerp was a muzzle-loader but a weapon of great power. He rammed home a charge and provided it on the tube.

The party were ready and Hans, leading the way, they threaded their course down a meandering path along the mountain side, until they came upon a half dozen Boer houses built on a bit of table or bench land.

Below was the moutain sides and valleys and all around were gorges and ravines.

These had been partially dammed in places for the purposes of securing water for mining.

Long flumes straddled here and there from place to place like amphibious monsters of a prehistoric age.

The red earth was all over here and there disclosed the pits of mines.

The party stopped before the best house in the mining camp which was the home of old Herr Brom. Van Brom and Rhodes was so lame he had to be helped in the house.

The kind old Dutch miner brought the easiest chair for his enemy and his old gentle wife brought him some supper.

Hardly had Dick entered the house ere a pair of soft brown eyes were upon him, and he soon made an excuse to be alone with the beautiful Eloise.

"What happened in the mountain?" she asked. "I heard brother Hans tell papa there had been a fight."

"Some of the robbers attacked this gentleman and Hans and I drove them away, Eloise. It was nothing," he answered.

"He is your friend?"

"I never saw him until tonight."

"What is he?"

"An Englishman."

A slight look of displeasure swept over her face, and she whispered:

"I don't like him. It's an evil day that man came under my father's roof."

Little did either Eloise or Dick Turner imagine at that moment how prophetic those words were.

Had Dick known the evil which Jack

Rhodes was to bring unto the camp when he loved, he would have joined the mountain banditti to take his life.

CHAPTER II.

GREED OUTWITTED.

Next day Rhodes was still so lame that he could scarcely walk. He was nobbling about the place when he suddenly met the brown-eyed Eloise. He paused and flxed his black covetous eyes upon the beautiful face.

Rhodes was a young man not to exceed twenty-seven, and his features were regular enough to be called handsome, but there was something about the smile which was not pleasant. One could not tell what it was unless it was the dark spot leaping out from the eyes.

The planter's daughter shuddered when she found those dark eyes on her, and turned away.

"Don't go, young lady. I am lonesome now that the men are gone to the mines. Won't you talk with me?"

"You are a stranger, sir," she answered, with only the slightest Boer dialect.

"Let us get acquainted."

"I don't know that it is right to form acquaintances under such circumstances."

"Why not, pretty girl? There are no strangers in camp. In other's way through accidents, and become fast friends. Your brother helped save my life, and your features are very kind to me, and I can surely thank their daughter."

"But you are an Englishman, and our people do not love the English."

While a light laugh he returned:

"Pray do not let your race prejudices interfere with our pecuniary affairs."

He talked so pleasantly and was so wintering in his manner that Eloise Dodge knew it she was seated on a rustic bench near him listening to what he had to say.

Jack Rhodes was a nephew of Cecil Rhodes, the diamond and gold king, one of the greatest figures and most powerful forces in South African affairs.

He had heard talk that Cecil Rhodes was his uncle, but requested that he would not mention the fact in the presence of the Boer miner, as neither Rhodes nor Jameson were liked among those people.

It was nearly a week before Jack Rhodes admitted he was well enough to return to Kimberly.

During the time he had managed to have many interviews with Eloise, which were pleasantly to the girl, and pleasant to her father.

Dick was to go with him to Kimberly where he was to take a position as an inspector of the diamond specimens.

Before leaving the mines Van Brom Dick had a long interview and tender parting with Eloise.

"Don't think me foolish, Richard," the dear girl said, as she wept bitterly over his many shoulder, "but I don't like that man. He is school mate."

"He can not harm you, dear Eloise."

"I fear he may harm you."

Dick laughed.

"Oh, I have met shrewd villains before, and Jack Rhodes is not the worst I have seen. Have no fear, dearest; I can read him. Give me your kiss."

She started at this and turned pale.

"It is not right."

"No, nor is it any fault of his. In truth, it's the only redeeming quality in his nature. We are cousins, and I am not going to woo you, my sweet Eloise. But I must go now; come with me under the great banyan tree where Nightshade stands."

Under the shade of the banyan, with its umbrella shade and wall of pendant branches and roots, were many green leaves where the parting scene was effected unseen.

He held her a moment to his breast, pressed a fond kiss on her clinging lips, and was gone.

Mounting Nightshade, he galloped away after Jack Rhodes, who had mounted on the old burgher's horse, and soon overtaken him.

Rhodes was rather sulky during the journey. Nothing was said about Eloise, though he freely discussed the Boer question from an English standpoint.

Arriving at Kimberly Dick next day applied for his former position of inspector.

He had just come out of the office when a young man suddenly sprang before him and, seizing his hand, asked:

"You're in h—l have I found you before?"

"I can't say," Dick answered. "What part of hell are you from?"

The young stranger laughed at the joke and said:

"I know you now. I saw you in Boston. You are Dick Turner, son of the diamond cutter."

"Yes."

"Don't you know me?"

"Yes, now that I get a second look at you; you are Elmer Davis, of Worcester, Devil Davis you used to be called."

"That's my name. Say, what are you doin' here in South Africa?"

"Diamond inspector."

"Working old Rhodes?"

"Yes."

"I am in the mines, too, but the rascals would starve us to death if they could. Say, have you ever guessed a rich corporation's greed?" said Davis, taking Dick's arm and leading him away to a seat under an alcatoba tree, where they might have a chat and not be interrupted.

"I have seen a great deal of it," he answered.

"They are going to have trouble here; see it brewing, Dick."

"What side will you take?"

"Well, that I hardly know. If I should take the side I believe to be right, it would be the Boers. Still, I don't like them."

"Why?"

"Oh, they are a fanatical, religious race. Like all fanatics they will put up a devil's own fight. It will not be any of your Spanish and America fighting, where Spain fires one volley and sends over a flag of truce to see if anybody is hurt, and Shafter fires a volley and sends another flag of truce to learn if Toral will surrender. This will be one of the black flag wars, where no one will be asked to surrender, but will fight until they beg for surrender."

"What are you doin'?"

"I work in the diamond mines."

"And you think the British greedy?"

"Greedy is no name for it. They search me invariably every time I enter the mines, and when I come out they comb my hair, for fear I will have some of their infernal diamonds. But I will fool old Rhodes yet."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I am an honest man, and as an honest man I dislike to be suspected of an honest man I dislike to be suspected of being a thief. Now, if a little chip of a stone should be found sticking in my hair I would be sent to prison. But they will learn what others have learned to their cost. Honesty can accomplish whatever it attempts."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you see that dog? At this he whistled to a small, white, woolly dog, which ran toward him, wagging his tail and evincing great pleasure.

"Isn't he a fine specimen?"

"I suppose; I have but very little about dogs."

"This is a pure breed. Feel how soft that wool is."

The hair on the dog was very thick, soft as down, and white as snow.

"Do you know that dog is very valuable?"

"No, I do not."

"I can explain. He will follow me everywhere I go. They are very fond of me and get a meal of him, but they won't. I took him to Cape Town, where there is an ingenious Chinaman, and he fixed him up for me."

"How?"

"Well, I can show you. Do you see that white, woolly coat?"

"Yes."

"It's his own hair, every bit of it, but it's not fast to the skin."

"What do you mean?"

"Now, look here, Jingle, for old acquaintanceship's sake you will keep my secret, won't you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I'm in love."

"Love is a mighty thunderation has being in love to do with the hair on that dog's back?"

"Well, sir, it has much to do with it. Everything to do with it."

Dick looked at him as if he thought him crazy and asked:

"How are you in love with?"

"A pretty little Boer girl up Johannesburg."

"Is that her dog?"

"She owns more of it. Does not know that such a valuable animal lives."

Dick gave him a puzzled look and shaking his head, said:

"I cannot see any relation whatever that the dog has to the girl you love."

"Well, it has a great deal. Don't you understand? Why, you're crazy. Every hair is cut close from its body. He followed me into the mines and out without being noticed."

Dick started and giving him a look of alarm, gasped:

"You take great risk."

"I make it pay, must. The jewels are mine. I only work in a pocket which Peter Van Brom owns, and Peter knows it, and it was on a fortress location, although they swore a lie. Nevertheless he had to yield to them or they threatened more men and guns. But we are not losing much. Peter was determined to fight for his rights, and I am looking after Peter's interest."

Dick grasped hold of his friend and said:

"Elmer, you are right. Your course might be condemned by the world, but, nevertheless, you are right. You must be very careful, or you should you are suspected you would be sent to Langsam in prison. You must not risk a great deal."

"Yes, but I will risk it for Joan. Peter Van Brom has a pretty girl, and I am looking a Yankee plans and a Chinaman executes it takes more than a common run of men to understand the scheme."

They parted, and that night Elmer Davis went all down to Cape Town.

Before going he was thoroughly examined to see that no jewels he should go with him which it would be possible to conceal gold diggers or diamonds.

The fat dog, which trotted along at his side and sat on his haunches panting while the master was examined, of course, was not suspected. It followed him into the steamer, and Jingle saw him three days. Much of the time he was in a shaft alone.

Arriving at Cape Town Davis left when he came upon one of the finest gems always deposited it in some place where he could safely keep it.

Just before leaving the mine he called the dog Jingle into a separate apartment. Here the animal underwent a curious metamorphosis.

The master actually removed the skin from his body, revealing a short cropped animal. Rimmed about the diamonds under the skin, which he drew back on Jingle. Elmer Davis remained three days. Much of the time he was in a shaft alone.

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"What are you doin'?"

"I work in the diamond mines."

"Dick, I done it!"

"What!"

"Oh, not so loud here. We have to keep matters a little close, you see."

"Then I'll not ask any questions."

"No; I'm off."

"Where to?"

"Johannesburg and the Transvaal. The devil take the greedy corporation. They are up to all manner of plans and ways to swindle the honest people out of what they make."

"Yes, but you should not shout until you are out of the woods."

"No, I guess there will be some shouting done. Do you see that dog?"

"Yes."

"How much would you say he was worth?"

"Fifty cents."

"Fifty thousand dollars."

"What a surprise me."

"You know he wears a wig," and Elmer winked.

"Yes."

"He's got a rich lining now."

Then he whistled to Jingle and started on his way.

About half way he came suddenly face to face with a person who caused him to start and turn pale.

It was a Celestial with a long pigtail dangling down his back, slant-like eyes, short trousers with big legs, and shoes with enormous soles.

It was Loo Chal, the Chinaman who had sheared his dog and made of its wool a wig.

The Chinaman paused and looking at the dog said:

"Well, Missa Davis, you no think dat velly fine thing? You no think it? Velly fine, velly fair."

"Look here, you dernoll almond-eyed Celestial, if you go to talking about that dog I'll cut your cue close to your head."

Dick, fearful such a circumstance such a threat would terrify a Chinaman more than a white man, took the objective point of decision.

Still Loo Chal winked somewhat defiantly and muttered:

"Velly glood joke, velly glood."

Elmer Davis did not feel at all easy, and twenty minutes later was mounted on his horse, riding like the wind, leaving the wind toward the mountains.

Dick, meanwhile had seen the Chinaman talking with Elmer, and Loo Chal had seen Dick talking with the owner of the remarkable dog.

The young American felt a sort of vague uneasiness that he could not have explained why.

The Chinaman went to the office of Cecil Rhodes. That gentleman was engaged in a private interview with Jack Rhodes, who had wholly recovered from his injuries, and was revealing to his uncle the scheme of the two villains to make the near proximity of the Van Brom works.

Loo Chal presented and said a Chinaman wanted to see Mr. Rhodes.

Mr. Chinaman, what do you want that of a Chinaman? I wish the cursed race was in Japan!" cried Rhodes.

"But this one says his business is very important."

"Let him what it is. I will send my secretary."

"It is no use, sir, he won't talk with any one but you."

"Confound him in," growled Rhodes, in no very good humor.

Jack Rhodes arose to go, when he said:

"Stay and see what this fellow has to say."

The stout, fat, slick Celestial entered and said:

"Are you the bloss?"

"Yes, I am the boss."

"I only want to tell the bloss, but must tell no one else."

"Well, speak your piece, then."

Jack went out and left Rhodes and the Chinaman alone. Now, go on, sir, and let me know what you want."

"Loo Chal live at Cape Town, Mellikin man, and Loo Chal have white wife, white child like a sleep. Loo Chal cutty wool off makey clean dog. Dog no. Mellikin man come, makey to diamond mines. Glo in wakee all time long while in mines. No one ever know Loo Chal dog. Mellikin man in doggie under cloat and give two to Missa Rhodes—"

"Look here, you infernal liar, do you know this to be true?"

"Yesee, Loo Chal no lie; tellee true, allee true."

"What was the American's name?"

"Mellikin man, Missa Davis—come many diamonds in doggie coat jacket."

"Elmer Davis alone; fat alone with dog. Missa Turner more Mellikin man here."

"Loo Chal tellee, I will arrest him. Did he have anything to do with it?"

"Yes, he Missa Davis' friend."

"Did you hear what they said?"

"No, bloss, too far away. But Missa Turner not allee same. Davis take hoss and doggie and ride like belly mile saime."

"Oh, I see, he's a scheme to rob me. What do you want?" asked Rhodes, pulling out some coin.

"Five guinnea."

"Oh, the devil, you are learning English fast. Here, take your money and get out."

"Ho, Jack, come here!"

Jack Rhodes entered and his uncle said:

"Here we are having a pretty mess. This precious pair of Americans are diamond thieves."

"Who, uncle?"

"Davis and Turner. The former has escaped to the mountains. I'll warrant with a large number of diamonds. Send me half a dozen troopers who know the woods well, and give chase. Turner is in the mines, I suppose."

"Read, I will do that with the most intense pleasure," declared Jack. "Ah, I hate the fellow, and long to see him in prison."

"You will. He is a diamond thief and shall me punished."

"And Eloise will be mine," the rival thought.

Dick Turner had left the office and went to the poor hotel where he was stopping.

The sun was setting and its last ray fell on the forms of a dozen light dragoons, who had left the town and were galloping up the hill toward the mountains, the rays of the setting sun falling on their burnished arms.

"I wonder why they are going to the mountains?" he asked himself.

Then he thought of his friend, Elmer Davis, the dog and the diamonds, and that vague uncertain uneasiness he had felt all the while increased.

He had reached the hotel and gone to his room. The sun had now set and darkness was gathering over the town.

Suddenly there came a tap at the door and opening it, he saw a small Boer girl of about fifteen.

"If you please, misthur, you be misther Turner, the American?"

"I am."

"Well, I'd told you someding because I be great friend of Eloise, who luf you, and you be married bynm bye."

"I hope so."

"I vock for Mister Rhodes und he dell his nephew dot you stealed diamonds, and misther Davis stheal diamonds, and da comes to arrest you, so I come und dell you und you soon go out."

"Thank you, little girl. I am in a very serious position, I am guilddes, but must fly."

He snatched a belt containing a brace of revolvers from a peg on the wall and buckled them around his waist.

Meanwhile Gretchen, who had taken her place at the window, whispered:

"They are coming."

Just as he opened the door to step in front of him a file of soldiers met the view.

"That won't do," he thought. He ran to the rear and found the soldier hard on his heels.

Visions of a long term in a British prison loomed up before his eyes and he grew desperate.

"I will escape or die fighting," he declared, then ran to the east window, but found a file of soldiers there.

There seemed no alternative but to surrender or fight overwhelming odds.

This very interesting story of life in South Africa, now the center of attention of the civilized world, will be continued next week. The Ledger's free premium offers of cameras and patterns to subscribers may be found on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Sam Davis.

The names of Major Andre and of our own Nathan Hale live together as those of men who loved their country to the uttermost. Each of their hearts beat in unison to their company, should it not be the name of Sam Davis, the Confederate who died the death on the scaffold at Pulaski, Tennessee, in the year of our Lord 1864? His career as a spy had been singularly successful, and he returned several times unscathed after executing the most hazardous missions within the federal lines.

In the end, however, he was captured, upon his person were found documents revealing the whole mission. He was tried by court martial and sentenced to be hanged.

It was of prime importance to the Federal army to discover the author of the papers found upon Davis, and the Union officers in whose custody the prisoner was placed was authorized to offer him life and liberty if he would reveal the desired information. The captain, who felt a warm personal esteem for Davis, pressed him to accept the offer, and in solemn silence, then he said:

"If I am false to my comrades or to friends of our cause within the Union lines."

The captain paused, and Davis said: "Will the prisoner stood firm, but his constancy was to undergo a severer test. Davis was engaged to be married to a young woman of northern Alabama. The unhappy girl learned of his fate, and by means of the will finally accorded an interview with her lover. She pleaded with him tearfully.

"Sam, if you love me, if you love your old mother, who sits weeping for you at home, you will speak. You will tell. You will implore it."

"I do love you, and my heart is almost breaking as I think of mother, but—" here he paused, struggling with emotion, but his emotion and proceeded, "there are occasions where one's duty to country rises above love for mother or sweetheart. Can't be a traitor!"

The girl he loved understood him. She knew that he would die rather than betray, but told him how she loved and honored him the more.

Still another temptation came on the last day of Davis' life. The young captain, who had become his friend, was present at the superintend his execution. They stood together on the scaffold, and as the executioner's noose was placed around the prisoner's neck. Once more he spoke to him. In a voice broken by emotion, begged Davis to save himself. The doomed man hung his head, and for a few moments, in silent prayer. Then he stood erect and answered:

"If I had a thousand lives, I would lose them all here before I would betray my friends or the confidence of my informer."

The sentence was pulled, and Davis died an honorable man.

Japanese Spaniels.

Over in Japan, where the people are fond of everything in miniature, the smallest breed of dogs in the world has its home. These dogs are kept in the houses and are black and white or yellow and white in color. They are worth from $100 to whatever money they will bring. A pup of one year weighing five pounds is worth $100. A five pounder is fortunate enough to raise a spaniel weighing only three pounds or less he can sell for $500. Some of the rich pay $1,000 for sleeping in a bootleg. They are very delicate animals, and they have to be watched and cared for like a baby. If given proper attention they will sometimes live to the age of ten years.

A Difference in Feeling.

Bessie wanted a feather for her doll. Her mother could not find one, but found a flower instead, and said: "I think, Bessie, the flower is better."

"O mamma," replied the little girl, "the feeling inside of me ain't like the feeling inside of 'oo. I want a feather."

A SQUATTER'S DAUGHTER.

"My dear boy, it is absolutely necessary that you should make a good match. Your position demands it. You merely require a wealthy wife, and I am sure there are numbers of girls with money who would be delighted to lay themselves and their fortunes at your feet."

"In it Miss Cheeseman this time, or old Gilthy's daughter with her 'hundred and fifty thou' down on the nail,' as the old man says?" queried the Earl, as though he had heard something of the kind many times before.

"It is neither. It is your second cousin, Billy Shrag, who is coming here today from Australia."

"The squatter's daughter?"

"Yes, the daughter of the only member of your poor father's family who ever made money instead of losing it."

Sure to be an objectionable sort of girl, then," decreed the Earl judicially; "hereditary instincts will crop out in the fillies. She'll regard me as an investment, like a hundred in Consols or a pound of Demerara sugar. Have you got her photograph? Must send photo with application, you know."

"No, I have no photograph of her. I have never seen her," replied Lady Ullesmere, calmly, disregarding the scoff.

"Yet you expect me to marry her," replied the Earl, in amazement, withdrawing his feet upon the mantelshelf that he might turn in his chair to get a glimpse of his mother's face. "Supposing she has a glass eye or a club foot? Not that I couldn't love a woman with either of those complaints," he added, hastily, for he was always gentle to the softer sex.

"Supposing she hasn't a glass eye or a club foot, or even false teeth?" replied his mother.

"Then I'll marry her if I love her and she loves me," replied the Earl, rising to his feet.

As he spoke, the door opened softly behind him, and her hand remaining hesitatingly on the handle of the door, a tall, dark girl confronted him. He turned hastily to meet her.

"I beg your pardon," said the newcomer, "I am afraid I have made a mistake. I am Miss Strang's maid, and the footman told me that the way to my room lay through this passage.

"By Jove, the squatter's girl has arrived already," thought the Earl, as his eyes rested approvingly upon the "squatter girl's" maid. "If she is as presentable as her maid, she'll be a credit to—Australia," he added, mentally. Then aloud: "Has Miss Strang arrived?"

"No, sir; she sent me ahead with her luggage. She will follow by a later train."

"What a pleasant voice the girl has," thought his lordship.

"The footman should have called one of the maids to attend you," he said, stepping towards the bell.

"I will ring, dear," said the countess, who, recovering from her astonishment, thought it was high time to enter into the conversation.

"This is Miss Strang's maid, Parker," she continued to the maid who answered the bell; "you will show her to her room." Then, turning to the newcomer, "By the way, what is your name?"

"Alice Higgins," replied Miss Strang's maid, solemnly.

"Well, Miss Higgins, Parker will show you your room."

"And see that she gives you some tea," interupted the Earl kindly. "By Jove! What a pretty girl she is," he added, when the stranger had withdrawn with a graceful curtsey.

"Definitely too pretty for a lady's maid," thought his mother.

* * *

Miss Strang arrived in due course.

She was somewhat of a disappointment to Lady Ullesmere, for she was plain, dull, and heavy, and seemed ill at ease amongst her new surroundings.

"She is not a bad sort of girl," said the Earl, as I hope you have given up the idea that I am going to fall in love with her."

"Love will come after marriage, my dear boy, love more lasting than the ephemeral affection born of passion."

"No, tha—nks," drawled the Earl. "I'm not going to be spotted as one of girls' lots and my own, just by way of an experiment. Billy Strang is dull and stupid, but she's kind-hearted and soft, for—I'm sure she's already fallen head over heels in love with that—er—fool."

"My darling," gasped Lady Ullesmere. "Why, Billy's only a boy, and a widower with three little children."

"And Miss Strang goes round to bathe them regularly daily," replied the Earl, easily.

"How do you know that?" demanded his mother.

"Because I go with her to amuse the little beggars and keep 'em from running about the garden until their heads are dry."

And with this astounding revelation of a part of the character hitherto hidden from his mother, he sallied forth to seek a certain bloom of the hybrid cultivated amongst the bushes of the rose garden.

But he did not hide himself, how his heart had gone out to the maid instead of to the mistress, and so he sent Higgins to summon up the courage to tell the maid.

In confidence born of his participation in the cause, domestic affairs he had spoken to the mistress on the state of his feelings. She had sympathized unreservedly, and told him how Higgins was also the daughter of a squatter in circumstances similar to those who had accompanied her to England with a view to obtaining an insight into English society. So the Earl sought out Higgins amongst the roses and told her his tale of love.

Higgins blushed; then smiled; then wept. She was only a squatter's daughter, she said, although she had been masquerading as a lady's maid.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets," quoted the Earl as he dried her tears, "and I fell in love with the lady's maid."

"You did not," she replied, smiling through her tears.

"How?"

"Forgive me, dearest, for having deceived you; but when I heard that you were to marry me for my money I changed positions with my friend, who is a far greater heiress than I. So, you see, I did not deceive your mother in that respect. I am your cousin, Tilly Strang."

"And the curate is going to marry—"

"Alice Higgins. Her father is the richest squatter in Australia."

"Then the curate will be a bishop before he is very much older," said the Earl as he kissed her.

HER GRATITUDE.

The snow lay very deep that year at Clinton Beeches, and old Beadmaster Bradford was more feeble than usual; and, what with Maria's sewing being interrupted, and a new milliner and dressmaker having set up at Beech village, times were very hard.

"You must get me some more wood, Billy," she said to her little brother. "The fire nearly went out this morning when you were at school, and the snow was too deep for me to get out to the woodpile."

"Woodpile! Fire!" cried Billy, biting a semi-circular piece out of his bread—"I'm going to run away."

"Gracious me," cried poor Maria. "And where has all the wood come from that has been burning?"

"I've been rippin' the thorns off the ghosthouse fence. I reserved the last for you, other fellows doing it, so why shouldn't I? And I've chopped up all the wood in the stable."

"But, Billy, that is stealing," said Maria.

"No, it isn't," replied Billy, with the air of one who felt himself an authority on his subject. "The old fellow that bought the ghosthouse has sold the property to the railway company, and they're going to lay a line of rails right through the back garden. The old house would have been pulled to pieces long ago if it folks hadn't been afraid of the ghost, and I may as well have the benefit of it as any one else."

"I am quite sure that John Gregory will tend the wood until I am able to order a fresh load, if you will be patient and ask him."

"Here he comes now," said Billy, who had been fluttering from casement to window-glass. "I think you'd better borrow it yourself."

"Comin' this way," said he, "thought I'd stop and inquire how the old schoolmaster is—"

"Pa's pretty feeble," sighed Maria.

"He'll soon get right once the spring sets in," said John, encouragingly. "Anything I can do for you down in the village?"

"I need some more wood," said Maria, wistfully, "but I can't pay for it before pa's annuity money comes in."

"Oh, get out!" said John. "Pay for it, indeed! When Beadmaster Bradford's suffering—yes, actually sufferin'—to be thinned out. I'll send a load down at once, Miss Maria, when—"

"I am not a beggar!" said Maria Rufford, with some pride.

"Well, if you find a load left at your shed door one o' these days, you'll know what it means," said John, as he rode off, riding down the road a piece, Maria? I'm going to the ghosthouse."

"To the ghosthouse?" said Maria Rufford. "What for?"

"After a big mahogany chair that was left there," said John. "Old Dawton is a curiosity collector, and he's bought it for £5. He's got me to take it to the station. He's sent to send a horse and van for it in London, where they expect to sell it for much more. Some folks do make waiting pay, and such old things."

"Hallo!" said Billy, jumping down from the window-seat. "We've found the chair, Maria, the day you wanted the oven for that week."

He turned a somerset out of the room, and Maria, with a deep blush on her fair, sweeping cheeks, was forced to explain the whole thing to John Gregory.

"Well, if this isn't a fix," said that individual, with a long, low whistle. "How am I to fetch the chair and pay the five to the station if there's none to fetch?"

"Oh, what shall we do?" poor Maria groaned. "Do you suppose one of Rufford's old chairs would do as well? There's not a chair in the house the same pattern, or as near like it as can be," said he, "Send it to my shop, then. And if you're willin' to sell it on those terms—"

"We old Rufford's have parted with all of their dim receptacles in the garret and sold, one by one, to eager dilettanti—a bath-chair, a big arm-chair, a three-legged stool, Gregory, and a spindle-legged table followed close and hard upon it, and Maria's woodpile and flour barrel were replenished. A new chair for Rufford's study, with Rufford's room, and the rent and the grocer's bills were triumphantly paid.

"It's all fit well round a bag of gold," said Maria, with tears in her eyes. "And it's all your doings, John."

"If you're really so grateful to me—"

"Yes?"

"There's a way you might show it."

"I can't think what you mean, John."

"Well, it's not far back and waiting it," sighed the faithful John. "I want you to marry me, Maria. Is that plain enough?"

"Oh, John! When you know I can't leave pa!"

"Well, then, let me come here to live. I've no wish to part you from your father."

"Well—John—if pa is willing—"

John rose, quietly but resolutely—he grasped the vegetable pan and lifted it carefully off the fire.

"John," cried Maria, "what are you going to do?"

"To kiss you, Maria."

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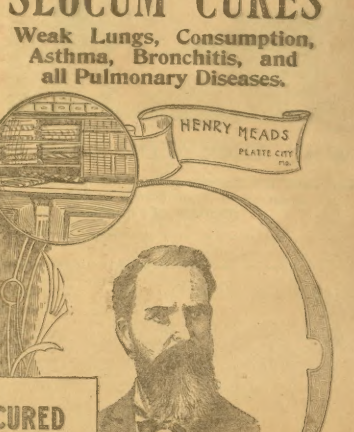

Mr. Henry Meads, a Leading Dry Goods Merchant of Platte City, Mo., says:

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Psychologic.

"I done had de mos' cur'usest dream I ebber hyeshd about!" he exclaimed.

"Was it dreamt 'bout sumpin' interquired Miss Miami Brown.

"No; I dreamt dat I had wings an' wah sittin' on a limb flappin' 'em an' gittin' ready to crow?"

"You shu'ly mus be mo' kyahful 'bout yoh digestion, Mistuh Pinkley," was the rejoinder. "Yo' stomach wedgin' you done et so many of mus' gone to yoh head."

Lapland Rye Cakes.

Looked back at from a distance, says Cutcliffe Hyne in "Adventures in Lapland," the rye cakes of Lapland do not carry pleasant memories. In fact, of all the foods that ever got past my teeth—and in rambling about the back corners of this world I have come across many uncanny morsels—the bread of Arctic Lapland carries the palm for general unsatisfactoriness.

The grain is sown and suffered to come up as the weather and the weeds permit. When it is as near ripe as it chooses to get, it is reaped, and with the husks, the bran, the larger part of the stalk and a fair percentage of the companionable weed, it is chopped into meal. It is not ground; it is more hay and bran than anything else. Baking days come seldom, and a large supply is baked at once.

The dough is pawed out into disks a foot in diameter and from five-eighths to three-quarters of an inch thick. Each disk has a hole in the middle, and when the cakes are baked they are strung on a stick and hung up on the rafters for use as required. Age neither softens nor hardens their texture.

There are two varieties of these delectable cakes. One is like India-rubber, and on this we could make no impression; but with the other kind, which is of the consistency of concrete, we could, as a rule, get on quite well if given time. It was flavorless, and united with each bite.

It was not strengthening, either, as the system could assimilate very little of it; but still, there was no denying that the cakes did fill the stomach, and for that purpose we employed them ravenously whenever they came in our way. There is no echo so bitter as that of an empty stomach.

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Pie That "Ate" Well.

Ted's friend treated him to a piece of pie. It was so good that he wanted another, but thought it would be rude to ask for it. So he sidled up to her and said: "Miss Turk, that pie eats well."

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WAS DREYFUS GUILTY?

Who Sold the Bordereaux---Love, Gold, and Intrigue---A True Story of the War Secrets of France.

By COUNT VON TROMPERRAT.

Translated by George M. Young for the Chicago Ledger.

Begun In No. 41, October 7. Subscriptions can begin with this date, or back copies can be procured from our agents, or by mail from this office.

CHAPTER XIII.

ASSASSINATION OF MIRABEAU.

"Who was it?" cried the baroness.

"Mirabeau!" returned Jacques, holding the smoking pistol in his hand.

"I do not know. I heard the fall of a body."

"How did he get in the garden?"

"Those are the guards."

"Let us go at once and search the grounds," said Esterhazy.

But Jacques was gone already.

He had tired very hastily, and had some fears that his shot had not taken effect.

The baroness and Esterhazy with lighted lanterns followed the guards who had been set to watch the garden, and those fellows, very meek and humble, followed them in the search.

Though every nook and corner was carefully gone over, not a sign of the intruder could be found anywhere.

When they were satisfied that he was nowhere in the garden all returned to the house where the baroness, Esterhazy and Jacques held a short consultation.

"Are you sure it was Mirabeau?" asked Esterhazy.

"I am certain. I know his face anywhere I might see it," he declared.

"Do you think your shot struck him?"

"No; had it touched him we would have seen blood on the ground."

"Perhaps he had not that passed between us."

"He saw all, and heard every word of the interview," declared Jacques.

"Then he is doubly dangerous."

"Yes, monsieur major."

"And it makes it doubly necessary that you get rid of him," put in the baroness.

"Jacques," cried Esterhazy, turning suddenly upon the little fellow, "you must do it tonight."

"And shall I be a sergeant?"

"Yes."

"Adieu, monsieur!"

Turning to the baroness, with a low, obsequeous bow, he added:

"Adieu, my lady! I go to strike a blow for you," and Jacques was gone.

On that same night Captain Alfred Dreyfus was at his quarters in his apartment.

The great old stone barracks looked gloomy and uninviting.

The electric light over his desk gave forth a subdued glare upon the paper, on which he was writing a letter to his wife, whom he had left in Venice.

The letter was just finished and he had folded it, sealed the envelope and written the address, when there came a light tap at the door. He arose and opened it.

"Mirbeau!" he exclaimed.

"Captain!"

"What alls you? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Captain, I came very near being a ghost."

"What do you mean? Sit down and explain all to me."

"Well, when a bullet fired at your head grazes your temple, it is very nearly making a ghost of you."

"Have you been fired upon?"

"Yes, captain, that is amounts to nothing. I have gained some information that may be of great value to you."

"What is it?"

"There is a conspiracy to ruin you."

"That's all?"

"I have not got it all. In fact, I have only been connected to unravel the mystery."

"What is the mystery? Explain it to me."

"There is some sort of an organization in the city which is infernal. I don't know what it is, nor where it is, nor have I fully devloped its object, save that it is organized for pillage and ruine. I know that some secret which I believe to be existing to the army was sent across the border to Germany. How it was sent I have no idea, but I know it was sent. There are parties to this whom you would not dream---perhaps whom you think your friends."

"Who?"

"Esterhazy."

"Impossible!"

"It is true."

"You must be mistaken."

"No, I am not. I am never mistaken about anything. I know very well that what I say is true, and will back my assertion with my reputation."

"Who else?"

"The Baroness de Beldon."

"Well, she is a mysterious woman, who has a wonderful power to charm people."

"She is no doubt the one who seduced the major."

"I believe it, if he is one to betray his country."

"But I am not telling you what I learned tonight."

"Go on."

"I made my way to the house of the baroness early this evening, and notwithstanding she had spies on the watch in the rear garden I scaled the wall and crept up to the rear of the house.

"The spies were in the summer house drinking wine and playing cards, so I had no trouble in fastening my muffled champ beside the sill of a second-story window, from which a light issued. Climbing up by the cord I carefully opened the shutter so as not to make any noise, pausing occasionally to listen to the voices within.

"And could you see inside?"

"When the shutter was opened."

"Whom did you see?"

"I saw Major Esterhazy, the Baroness de Beldon, and no less personage than Jacques, the burglar."

"You assassin!"

"It did not astonish me."

"Did you hear what they said?"

"Not all---I could not a word now and then."

"What did you make out from what you heard?"

"I heard the name of Dreyfus spoken."

"Who used it?"

"All of them."

"Were they planning my assassination?"

"No, worse."

"What worse?"

"Your ruin."

"How?"

"You were to be made a scapegoat."

"By what?"

"I don't know. I strained my ear to catch the word they uttered, but it was all in vain. The window was between me and the speakers, and their voices were low."

"Did you hear any other names?"

"Yes."

"Whose?"

"The name of a German colonel; were you in Berlin?"

"Yes."

"Colonel Von Hesse."

"That is the man. How long were you with him?"

"Not long. Not but a few days."

"Captain Dreyfus, I am afraid that was a fatal mistake."

"Why?"

"Because the whole matter will be used against you."

"How can it? I did nothing wrong. We met in St. Petersburg, and met again in Berlin, and the shadow

pange of despair, the dark weight, the vulture's beak was in his heart, and there was no release save in the grave.

One night, after he had been years in his prison cell, he heard a noise at the grating of his window, and looking up he saw the weasened face of Jacquez peeping in at him.

"Dreyfus," whispered the thin, piping voice, "I have come a long way to see you, to relieve you."

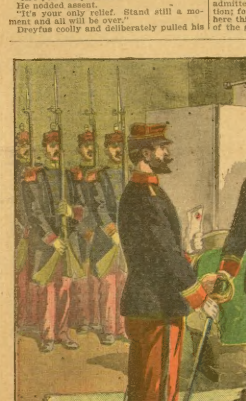
He arose and took a step to the window, where the rays of a bull's-eye lantern, held at the grating, fell on his breast.

"Are you ready to die?"

He nodded assent.

"It's your only relief. Stand still a moment and all will be over."

Dreyfus coolly and deliberately pulled his



"I am innocent!"

shirt bosom apart, baring his breast, and Jacquez leveled his pistol at his heart.

Further chapters of this powerful presentation of the famous Dreyfus mystery will appear next week. See our offer of free cameras and free patterns to subscribers on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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"Yes, she did a corking good turn with corkscrew curls."

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LEGEND OF BLACK POOL.

BY J. HOWARD BAUMAN.

A crowd of merry laughing girls gathered together in the spacious old Lee homestead. Only girls were in attendance at this party; all the sterner sex being excluded for the simple reason that these girls intended to test the fallacy or infallibility of some of the old-time legends, and they were afraid the boys would laugh at them if they were admitted to this sacred scene of superstition; for superstition was to reign supreme here this night. Boys are to make fun of the girls' superstitions, but I doubt not,

slightly when she thought of the dismal place, but would be wrong to say that she was afraid.

The old mill was a two-story affair, long since out of use. Every window was broken out, and many of the boards had been removed to be put to some other place. At the upper side of this building was a deep pool. It was formed by the one wall of the old structure serving in the capacity of a dam. In this wall was a gate that could be opened or closed to regulate the flow or supply of water that poured over the now dilapidated wheel. It had been closed for years, and as very little fresh water entered the pool, that which was there took on an inky black hue.

When Unice reached the place it was with a very shaky feeling that she entered the old doorway. She crossed over to the window which was directly over the pool. Her teeth chattered as she leaned out of the window. The moon was shining brightly, and the stars were reflected on the water like so many diamonds.

"Let me see," mused Unice; "I must count stars to the number of my years; I am just nineteen, so when I count the nineteenth star, if my legend be true, I am to see the face of my fate in that black water. One, two, three, and so on she counted until she reached the eighteenth. It was a moment before she could see the last one. A noise upstairs just then attracted her attention, but at the same moment she espied star number nineteen. She said the number almost aloud.

Just as the last sound died from her lips, she saw a face plainly visible in the water. It was the face of some person looking out of the upper window. That was not all; Unice heard hurried footsteps on the floor above, and an angry, gruff voice exclaim: "So, you sneaking spy, we have caught you at last!"

Unice drew back from the window in fear. This last turn in events was shocking for her. She was too badly scared to move any farther away.

The same voice continued: "Did you think you could come here and learn our secrets without detection? You know a little too much of our affairs, as it is, for our peace of mind."

"Tell me, now that you have me, what are you going to do about it?" asked the other.

"Do about it?" repeated the first speaker. "I don't suppose you think I am just going to give you a call and settle up our private business? Not much. I am going to do with you the same as we have done with more of the fresh fellows that come round here bothering us! I am going to send you to the bottom of that puddle of water, and then I don't think you will trouble us in our work any more."

"Do you mean to say that you are going to murder me?"

"Murder you? Oh, no! I am only going to drown you, that is all."

"Help! help! help!" out on the clear night air.

"Here, you blooming idiot!" exclaimed the gruff voice, "if you can't keep your mouth shut, take that!"

"That" must have been a blow of some kind, for Unice heard a body drop to the floor above her head, and the next instant a dark object passed the window between her and the bright moon, followed by a loud splash in the water underneath the window. Evidently the man considered his work finished, for Unice heard him descend the steps, and going to the door she heard him pass out into the road.

"Help! Help!" came in a feeble voice from underneath. Unice hurried to the lit, and peered down into the water underneath. Just then she saw the outline of a black object in the water. The shadow of the building prevented her from getting a better view. Could she get out? she asked.

"Help!" came the answer. "I am sinking. Quick, or I am lost!"

"Hold on a moment longer, and I will save you!" called Unice to him.

She ran out of the old building and around to the side of the pool. Luckily she found a long pole lying near by. This she reached out to the man in the water.

"Can you hold on long enough for me to pull you to shore?" asked Unice.

"Yes; but for God's sake, be quick! I am nearly dead!" answered the feeble voice of the suffering man.

He grasped the end of the pole and Unice soon had him on the banks of the pool. As the pool were very deep, and the girl experienced great difficulty in dragging him out of the water.

"Can you walk?" she asked.

"I do not know!" he replied; "I am so sick, and my head feels as though it were bursting."

"Well, you must try to walk a little; if I can just get you home we can soon get you doctored up."

Slow was the progress the girl with her burden made on their way homestead. When about half way there Unice heard voices calling her name. She answered, and soon Alice Lucas and Myrtle Hays made their appearance.

"We were afraid your intended had carried you away, and so we started out in—But who on earth have you here? Did you really meet your fate at that horrible pool?" exclaimed Alice, as she came into sight.

"Hush!" said Unice; "I don't you see that he is hurt!"

"But what in the world has happened?" asked Myrtle.

"I cannot tell you now, girls, but it was something terrible. I am so glad I went to the mill tonight; for if I had not gone, this man would be at the bottom of the pool below. Some one tried to kill him and then threw him in the water to cover their crime. I pulled him out. Oh, girls! I am sure that old place holds some terrible secrets. Please help me to get him home, and then I'll tell you all about it."

It was hard work for the girls, as the man was now almost unconscious, but at last they reached the house with their helpless burden.

"Girls," said Unice, "none of the others must know of this. One of you had better go ahead to the back door and tell papa and mamma what has happened. He can be taken to the back bedroom and be attended to, and none of the others will be any the wiser."

It was a matter of a very few minutes until the injured man was comfortably covered up in a soft feather bed. Soon all the visitors, with the exception of Alice, departed. She and Unice took turns that night at the sick bed. The doctor who was summoned shook his head gravely and said he was afraid of brain fever, and long ere the light of day entered the room his fears were realised. The sick man had nothing about him by which he could be identified. From the start Unice volunteered to act as nurse, and the doctor warned her that if the young man was to be expected to recover, it would take careful nursing and care.

Not until morning did Unice get a good look at her patient. He was a handsome young man of apparently twenty-five. A small black mustache covered his upper lip, and curly black ringlets clustered close to his well-shaped head. "His eyes must be either dark brown or black", thought Unice.

He did very little raving, and what he did do was about catching some person in the act of doing something wrong. By constant care he was brought back to the world. He had been in the Lee home three weeks before he regained consciousness. His first words were: "Where am I? How did I come here?" Unice was with him at the time.

"You must not talk; the doctor will be angry if you do," she answered.

"But you are a stranger to me. How came I to be here?"

"Don't you remember anything of the past? What is your name? We have not even heard it to notify your friends."

"Then why did you bring me here?"

"Because you were nearly drowned in the Black Pool at Walker's mill, and when you were rescued you were brought here."

"The Black Pool! Walker's mill! I remember it all now. I was struck on the head by one of the Cooley gang and thrown out of the window into the water. It all comes back to me now. I don't know how I will ever thank you for all your kindness to me. If you wish, I will tell you how I came to be there."

"Not today; you must not talk any more now. Tomorrow you will be strong enough to tell us all about it."

Much as Unice wanted to know who this stranger beneath their roof was, her better judgment forbade her to allow him to speak another word in his weak condition. The next day, when he awakened from a refreshing sleep, she told him if he would be the cause of his become excited, that he might talk a little while.

"Again let me thank you for taking a stranger under your roof and treating him so kindly, but I promise you that your kindness in this case shall not go unrewarded. But as to how I came to be at the old mill that night, my name is Edward Holton; I am in the employ of the government secret service bureau. I have been working on a counterfeiting case, and I had almost concluded my work that night, when one of the gang almost got the better of me. I have a faint remembrance of the voice of my rescuer; I want you to satisfy my curiosity. Was it not you who saved my life?"

The girl could only acknowledge her deed. "I know you by name, Miss Lee, will you not tell me your first?"

Unice complied with the last request.

"Now I have one more question to ask: How came you at that dismal place at such an hour, and, if I mistake not, alone?"

Unice blushed as she answered, "I was there fulfilling the requirements of an old Hallowe'en legend."

"How?" But do you want there to see the face of your fate reflected on the dark waters of the pool?"

"Yes, that is why I ventured there."

"And did you see anything?" asked Edward.

"Yes, I saw the moon and the stars—and—and——"

"And what?" interrupted the man.

"I—I—I—I saw the face of your—but—but you must stop talking now. The doctor would not allow you to say another word if he was here."

Strangely enough the young man obeyed. He did not say another word, but looked steadily at Unice for several moments.

He did a great deal of thinking, however, but it would not be just right to betray his pleasant thoughts. For the next week a number of officers came to the aid of young Holton, and the entire gang of criminals, tag and baggage, were captured. One year later Unice Lee changed her name to Holton. She has been believed the Black Pool Legend, and not without good cause, for on that memorable Hallowe'en all did not see her husband's face a few moments after midnight distinctly reflected on the surface of the dark water!

Pretty Regular.

The reliability of the law of averages is strikingly shown in the record of the mails between London and New York. This service has been in the hands of a American line of steamers. The returns to parliament for the year 1894 indicate a remarkable degree of regularity.

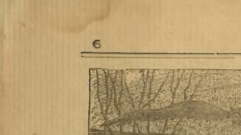
The distance from St. Martin's-le-Grand —the site of the general post office—by way of St. Paul's Churchyard and Blackfriars Bridge to Waterloo Station, and thence by rail to the ship's side at Southampton, is eighty and one-half miles; from the dock at Southampton to the pier at Cowes, the distance is 5,089 nautical miles, and it is assumed that a New York steamer is half a land mile farther—total distance, 3,613½ statute miles.

The mails carried by the City of Paris and by the City of New York, respectively, covered this great distance, on an average, outward from London, in seven days, six hours and fifty-six minutes. This regularity was secured against all detention in the crowded streets of the two cities, the difference in sailing routes across the ocean, and the chances of fogs, storms and icebergs on the Atlantic.

In Another Class.

"No actors admitted here," said St. Peter.

"Pardon me," exclaimed the newcomer; "on earth I was a comedian, not an actor."



THE JESUIT FATHER.

BY BASIL MAHNAN.

I.

Father Charles Bernard, for the first time in twenty years, had lost the control of his thoughts. His self-possession, like a well-drilled regiment, lay helpless on the tumult of strange sword of emotion. Was this a birth till the age of forty he had evolved equably along the lines of the grooves the cares of his parents had piously hollowed for him. As a child he had taken a singular pride in the possession of a little bald spot on the top of his head, which his mother fondly said him predestined him to the tonsure. He had grown up to a healthy, amiable accidentness in the years of priestly life, lending himself to the necessary preparation and studies with a calm and unquestioning resolution, which, if it lacked the enthusiasm, was happily free from self-consciousness and cant. Through his college and his seminary he passed with distinction, bearing with sternly modesty the plaudits of his master and the doting pride of his parents.

The fifteen years of his probation being completed, Father Bernard was duly appointed a member of the Jesuit Order, and allocated to one of the missions of the society looking to carrying into the social and religious fabric of Mayfair.

Then suddenly a vacancy had been sent to set in order a mission in the wilds of the African veldt. For six months now he had been moving as one in a dream, and the refine and fastidious cite of light, whose thread lay tangled and frayed in very shreds of unintelligible emotions. The spiritual recluse and scholar was face to face with the life of the veldt and knew himself a stranger. Art in the refinement of its daintiest schemes, brushing against the life of the veldt naked, distinct, unabashed.

The shock to him had been a strenuous one. The frail seantiness of attire affected by the "normal" in outraging all his ideas of conceived ideas of decency and protection, yet was to him a daily revelation of the permanence of forces existing and working beneath the calm oblivion of his consciousness.

He faced the same difficulty when he turned to the language. There was about it a naked directness whose primal indecency struck at every principle of intercourse in which he had lived, or deprived it, so to speak, of his first guard, plunging him bindfoot into the full tide of elemental force in himself as in others, of whose impulses and their direction he was ignorant, and before the very existence of which he stood baffled, tressed, utter lone.

He was indeed almost suddenly on a wide sea. People whose public conception of purity is the hermetic of their artificial framework, and the long, thin, inquisitive nose of the Press, are apt to think of that order of morality which grows up among the tribes of the veldt. It produces two types—the stout Boer who has a wife, a Kaffir and enjoys it, and that clean, strong, virtuous race found in the dominate and sway nations, of an order like that of the sage of Nazareth, who knew not women knew of but one law of morality, the law of love and love's selection. There is no subtle shading between the two types. The lover claims may contain one or two aspiring to higher life and purer ideals, others there may be here and there a strain tending downwards. But to Father Bernard the division seemed both distinct and ultimate.

Of such higher type was Mona Rundett, and it was her personality which had excited the Reverend Father to such unusual remoteness from his serenity the afternoon on which this story opens.

Mona's grandfather had been a studgreoon who had emigrated to the Cape, with the proceeds of the pickings he had transferred from his master, some fifty years previously. His son, Mona's father, taking to himself an Irish peasant immigrant to wife, thrived prosperously. Mona, with her two brothers, grew up careless of all save vitality and victuals, surrounded by her own little world, and some thirty miles away by any neighbor.

At fourteen she was a woman; at eighteen a woman of wide and varied experience, with an eye-knowledge of all that is her knowledge, and an ear-knowledge intimate with every click in that peculiarly literal and bland language. Of education she had little, save to read and write with woeful labor. She was under her mother's faith baptised a Catholic, and bred up to that case in duties and devotions inseparable from a frontier life and "heretical" surroundings. Yet the profound poetry, the secret treasure of the veldt life, had not altogether passed her by.

The Jesuit's last visitation to Mona, and the girl was no less a revelation to the priest. In regard to the Kaffirs, he had arrived at a mental stage of pigeon-holing them as animals with immutable lack of adornment, external and internal. European woman he regarded to a great extent as waxworks, the mechanism of whose emotions, as far as his own subjectivity was concerned, was better left alone; but Mona in her beauty, in the directness of her nature, in the circumstances of her environment, had come to the Father, mentally disturbed as he was at the time, as a surprise.

The June afternoon was hot, but the Jesuit's face seemed cold as marble as he strode over the brown glazed veldt toward the mission house. He was the solitary figure in the landscape. Behind him, Tom Rundett's farm in its clump of wattle, but in front and around nothing but the far sweep of veldt, sun-burnished to a ruddy gold, clashing on every hand the shimmering sky-line.

He was trying to analyze how the thing had come about.

He remembered how swiftly the consciousness of Mona had come upon him, and his amazement that she was just a peasant. How the blood had tingled in him at the thought, lashing him to a fierce revolt. "A peasant, woo, a queen of queens!" So his soul had shouted in him to his unconsciousness. Then the deep silence as he realized the meaning of that revolt, and the flood-tides of passion had welled slowly and remorselessly over his being, drowning of the delirious swirl of their depths all that caution, vows, and thought had made him, binding all his interests into the great tumult of new-born desire.

And now! He stopped suddenly and laughed aloud. He, the scholar, the priest, the adept of the schools, the man of intelligent! He lashed himself into a sneer over the thought, and walked on rapidly with long, uneven strides, like one who was rageous. Again and again he told himself that the struggle was but the passing fret of being in Africa instead of in England, could he but get back to Piccadilly, Mayfair, to blood-bone, and breed she was, and ever must be. A peasant! Was she? Was it the type? In soul? The whisper was a persistent, query incessant. He jeered at it, calling it a mere accident of birth, and a passing cycle of moods which wifehood would inevitably merge in the great tumult of love's destroy.

The longer he thought of it the more furious he became with himself, hiding beneath the heat of his pride the true perspective of his passion. Finally he wrote it off, so to speak, as a mere momentary lapse into original forces existing in carelessness and the exigencies of an environment which imposed on the eyes a monotonous sun as it was unintentional and undesired. In his cell that night thirty long thin scarlet weals that pierced the flesh of his back and under his left arm and ribs, testified to his belief that for such lapses a penitential mortification of the flesh was an act of prudence.

II.

"But, Father, what am I to do? I can't, I can't marry him—I loathe him."

The speaker was Mona Rundett. Some three months had passed since she last saw Father Bernard, and he, being surprised at himself to visit the more remote parts of his mission, had found Mona, whose memory, almost inevitable Nemesis of a farmer's speculation, had dragged Tom Rundett to the brink of bankruptcy, was the only available asset in this emergency was his daughter, and with that quick perception of Kaffir and the country families of civilisation, he looked upon the young Dutchman Vander Spaa was a half-bred Dutchman and Dane, of brutal life and rich pastures. He had long noted the attentions of Vander Spaa, and though he rather quibbled at her price, he at last agreed, and smoked his pipe then to prepare for the bridal festivity. For they ardentically term these affairs festivities even on the veldt.

Little time was left her, and as the day approached she had cast all her resource, betaken herself to the mission house to beseech the intervention of Father Bernard on her behalf. It was with a feeling of sweet and shame-faced exultation she had hugged the thought that he, the priest, she would move heaven and earth to stop such an ignitious sale. But the priest seemed to her, ever, he proved less even than lukewarm. So she stood before him, her face a picture of disappointment and despair in her eyes, feeling dumbly that dead indeed was that day three months ago.

"What am I to do?" she cried again. "I can't marry him, I loathe and detest him."

"Duty, my child, is often hard, but is always God's will," was the priest's reply.

"But I can't swear to love him—to love him," she wailed. The man paled a little, there was also in his entreaty for her, for the priest in him answered calmly, coldly. "You can give him the love or charity, my child; loving his soul's welfare as deeply as you do, you can master your passion of any wife—than charity—and subjection."

"Yes, Subjection," she repeated with a sob, and stood gazing at him, suddenly the tears welled in her eyes, and in a very abandonment of hopelessness, despair, and of loss, she flung herself at his feet, clinging to his hand weeping, fondling it, murmured through her tears:

"You know! You know that I cannot!"

He stood for a moment, then a faint flush rising to his cheeks. Then glancing hastily toward the door, the top half of which was glass, he bent and raised her, a frigid kindness in his touch and tone. For a long time he talked to her, expounding on the dangers of such conduct—and the scandal. So eloquently did he discourse that at the end of an hour she returned home, hotcyed, penitent, very miserable, but submissive.

After she had gone the priest went to his own room and walked vaguely up and down, thinking in a disjointed kind of way over what had happened. "It is best so," he said at last—the subament of his thought almost startling him. Then, as he thought suddenly of the man, Ugo Vander Spaa, at heart a beast, in morals a Kaffir, a Boer in callousness, the grinding his teeth, and his white long hands clenched spasmodically: and the mad fell forward, silent, tense, writhing, at the foot of the iron crucifix that hung on the bare stone wall.

III.

Twenty miles away from the mission house at Ibenya was a small Free State settlement of about forty huts. Two of these, set apart from the rest high up on the black hillside, served for chapel and presbytery to the Jesuit Father. Hither, some three weeks after the marriage of Mona with Ugo Vander Spaa, came Father Bernard on a visit of inspection, Having concluded his evening office, and his meal over, the scent of the wattles drew him outside.

The night was beautifully calm and still, with a full moon, and countless stars in the mid-heaven.

Suddenly down the wind comes the thud of a horse's hoofs, now dying away, now growing more distinct, till the rhythm of the galloping fell on the accustomed ear as the rapid approach of some visitor. Round the bend of the spur, not sixty yards away, the rider came, nor drew rein till halting at the chapel door. It was Mona—and to him as he stood there beneath the yellow bloom of the wattles, running to him with her hands outstretched, her face upturned in the moonlight.

"Oh, help me," she said, simply. "I cannot bear it."

He drew her into the hut, and, putting a chair for her, stood and gazed at her, his face pale and rigid, his lips stern. In his mind was a great and incessant cry that she should thus jeopardize her reputation and his very existence by the mere fact of the church in his district. But he was schooled to hide his feelings, and his voice, if cold, was even and emotionless as he asked her:

"What is it I can do for you?"

For all answer she fell on her knees on the floor, burying her face in her hands. Again he had lately used, her face wet with tears, and, untumed face toward him.

"It is hell," she whispered, "hell, to be near him!"

His eyes flickered a little, and the voice was not so steady as he asked again:

"What can I do?"

"Take me away." She whispered the words, her whole soul in her eyes, a very passion of abandonment in her gesture. Then, rising, she went to him and, clinging to his arm, looked into his face as if the hunger in her would thaw that immobile mask to some expression of emotion. "Take me away," she repeated, her voice low and hoarse, "and hide me. Oh, do, do! Look," and, tearing open the throat of her dress, she pointed to where finger marks stood out livid and purple-dyed on the bleached breast. "Look, that is one of the ways of subjection. Oh! I tell you, it is torture. Oh, don't you understand—you, when you know that I love you. God help me! love you with all my life."

Her arms were round his neck now and she was sobbing on his breast. The face of the priest was white to the lips and dyed-red queerly as he looked down on the bowed and golden head. He felt a terrible rage consuming him against the man, and for a moment a wish of that old compassion passion shook him, stirring the brooding calm of his eyes to sudden fire. Yet, withal, he was conscious of self-control. It all seemed to him unreal, standing out like the moon in the sky of his life, pale, cold, exhausted, illuming the shadow of a dreamland. Yet, deep in his heart was that it was an intoxicating joy to feel her so near him, to feel the thrill of her body capturing and moulding each nerve in him. A great longing came over him to strain her cruelly with in his arms, to kiss his face, to bend round her and crush her to his breast, to drown fate, and destiny, and all in the oblivion of one kiss. Then, again, the sense of shadows dominated him, and he was conscious of a feeling of fear for all, a longing only: that its strength was in its repression, that it was a thing of passion of fruition.

It was very gently, therefore, that he put her away from him, stroking the silken hair and smoothing the tear-stained cheeks with his own hands.

"My daughter," he said, quietly, "you know well that while before me possible—contrary alike to religion and honor."

In spite of himself, he found himself talking perhaps behind at some length, and the sudden glow of exultation he realized that there was no response in Mona and an armor intact and invulnerable even against his own perverse desire. He had to fight.

His grew stronger, as the girl beneath his quiet, reassuring tones grew calmer. It was some little while before she was able to explain coherently how a sudden terror and loathing of her husband had forced her to fly, giving him with her distressing

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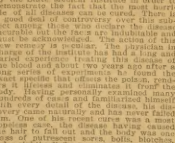

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directness some details of the miseries she suffered. In spite of his control, as he saw the look on the girl's face, he shivered. Again that icy wave of hate welled up in his heart, filling him with a strong dread of himself, hurling him as it did face to face with those master-impulses of animal passion he had deemed lived not in him.

Presently she rose to her feet, and going to the door, turned and held out her hands with a gesture of farewell, surrender, obedience, whose infinite pathos touched him to the quick. He took her hands in his, unable to speak, his eyes telling his pity, betraying, too, more than he knew, something of the passion his pity was fain to hide. She swayed toward him, her eyes half closed, a very hunger of yearning in her face.

"Kiss me," she whispered; "once—forever."

In looking back afterward it seemed to him that a great storm had rung in his ears, filling his eyes, his heart, his will, with the rush and stir of purifying winds in conflict—a storm from which he woke to find the girl crushed in his arms, her pale face, framed in the soft confusion of her hair, clinging to his; his lips kissing her again and again, and uttering delirious words of passion; then of a sudden a wan stream of light pouring in at the door, silhouetted in the moonlight, the form of Ugo Vander Spus—huge, menacing, grotesque in its shadow.

For an instant the three stood silent, as if graven in marble symbols of their passions, washed with the wan, mocking flood of the moonlight.

Next moment, with a foul oath, the Dutchman had hurled himself on the priest. In the wan light they swayed and reeled to and fro, fast locked in each other's grasp, and tugged at each other's throats or arms. Soon beneath the steely arms of the priest the breath of the Dutchman came in great gasps, and on his face the sweat hung thick, making more grim the loose fury of his eyes. Gradually were the Jesuit's lips, his breath never wavering, his skin white and dry, his eyes open and shining like a ferret's. Slowly yet inevitably he seemed to be forcing the Dutchman down, and suddenly his foot caught in the girl's cloak lying on the floor. He staggered, losing the grip of his lower hand. In an instant the Dutchman had the under-clutch, and straining every muscle, strove to lift his foe and throw him.

But with a swift movement the priest threw forward his forearm, thrusting savagely on the Dutchman's throat. Then slipping his left hand round, the Jesuit gripped in his long sinewy fingers the thumb of his right hand, tearing him from his hold. Like lightning he sprang back, dropping his right hand down to the left till both were tightly clenched on Ugo's great throat. With a lithe, quick swing to the left he lifted the Dutchman clean over his shoulder, hurling him headlong through the air.

He fell with the nape of his neck against the door, rebounding, falling in between the priest and the woman, and with a spasmodic quiver lay there limp and motionless.

The priest shook himself, ran his handkerchief round his face and the inside of his collar, and smoothed his hair studiously, the while avoiding the eyes of the girl.

She, with her arms clasped round, looking at the inert body of her husband. His head was rolled back at a horrible, queer angle, his mouth and eyes were open and distorted, devoid of expression; absolute immobility proved in the good of his limbs. It was horrible.

"Oh, my God!" she moaned, "look at him!"

The priest bent over the man hastily and lifted his head, looking into the now glazed eyes.

Then he put him back gently, reverently, and rose and faced the woman, a new look in his eyes that did not leave them.

"He is dead," he said, simply. "God have mercy on him . . . and us."

Mona sank on the floor, covering her face and sobbing.

"You had better go home," said the priest, when a few minutes had silently elapsed. "Forever, you and me in this life are forever that." He pointed to the dead man. "Go," he went on to the woman. "I will arrange to have it hushed up for me. For the honor of the church I shall say he was thrown from his horse while in a fit. I may here for you. See that you keep silence."

Mona got round the body, fearfully, to the door. Outside the two horses were quietly grazing. She turned to look at the priest, a kind of mute stupor of wonder that she had no kind of emotion towards the wave of relief that told her he was sending her away. Before she had crossed the threshold, however, she was kneeling by the side of the dead man, his head buried in his hands, and silvered by the shimmering moonlight, as with a mocking halo.

* * * * *

In a mission house in the lowest quarter of Pittsburg, U. S. A., Father Bernard lay dying. For twenty years his name had been growing a household word in the slums of the great ports of the eastern seaboard. To reclaim the lowest from the power and spell of their passions—such was the self-consecrated atonement of Father Bernard. About his bed the priests were saying the last prayers for the dying. At its close they understood not why he smiled, nor the light, as of a great darkness, that irradiated his face. So he passed beyond.

Wouldn't Give Up the Gum.

The first specimen of true manly chivalry —the youthful knight of a small knight who holds the rights of his lady love sacred—was encountered the other day in a Cambridge kindergarten. The teacher discovered that a very small boy, not more than 5 years old, was chewing gum, and she ordered him out and bade him disgorge it.

"I can't," he said.

"But can't?" she answered, in surprise. "Why, yes, you can, and you must."

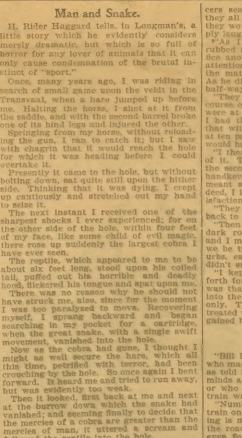
"No, I can't," he persisted, and kept the gum in his mouth.

"Now, why can't you give me that gum, Johnny?" the teacher asked.

"Because," said Johnny, stoutly, "it belongs to a little girl in Somerville."

WHY THE GINWIDDLE BABY SHOCKED ITS PARENTS.

1.



2.

Man and Snake.

H. Rider Haggard tells, in Longman's, a little story which he evidently considers merely dramatic, but which is so full of horror for any lover of animals that it can only cause condemnation of the brutal instinct of "sport."

Once, many years ago, I was riding in some dusty scrub soon the veldt in the Transvaal, when a hare jumped up before me. Halting the horse, I shot at it from the saddle, and saw the poor animal broke one of its hind legs and injured the other.

Springing from my horse, without reloading the gun, I ran to catch it; but I saw with chagrin that it would reach the hole for which it was heading before I could overtake it.

Presently it came to the hole, but without halting down sat quite still upon the hither side. Thinking that it was lying, I crept up cautiously and stretched out my hand to seize it.

The next instant I received one of the sharpest shocks I ever experienced; for on the very edge of the hole, within four feet of my face, like some child of evil magic, there rose up suddenly the hooded head of a cobra.

The reptile, which appeared to me to be about six feet long, stood upon his coiled tail, puffed out his horrible and deadly hood, flickered his tongue and spat upon me.

There was no reason why he should not have struck me, but whether he missed me or was too paralyzed to move. Recovering myself, I sprang backward, and began searching in my pocket for a cartridge, when the great snake, with a single swift movement, vanished into the hole.

Now as the cobra had gone, I thought I might as well pocket the hare, which in all this time, petrified with terror, had been crouching by the hole. So once again I bent down. It heard me and tried to run away, but was evidently too weak.

Then I looked at the hole at me and next at the burrow down which the snake had vanished; and speedily I decided that I was the mercies of a cobra are greater than the mercies of man, it uttered a scream and followed the reptile into the hole.

I stood by and listened. Presently from under the earth came the sound of a rush and scuffle, followed by another pitiful scream. Then all was still.

An American in Seville.

"One of the Americans who was in Spain last year when things began to look warlike," relates the Baltimore Herald an experience which seems to show that, under such circumstances, the boldest course is the safest. "I was advised," he says, "to call myself an Englishman, but whenever I had occasion to write my name I put 'Baltimore, U. S. A.' after it.

"I reached Seville two weeks before the declaration of war, and the landlord of the hotel looked upon me as a madman to register as I did. I rather expected trouble, and I was not disappointed.

"An hour after my arrival I went down to dinner, and there were four Spanish officers seated at my table. As I sat down they all rose and left, loudly declaring that they would not eat in my company. I simply laughed and went on with my meal.

"As I left the dining room a Spaniard jabbed me and we on parade. In the office another jostled me, and as I paid no attention, a third stepped up and blew out the match I had struck to light a cigar. As he did so I struck out and knocked him half-way across the room.

"They were fishing for a duel, and in the course of half an hour the fellow's seconds were at my door. As the challenged party I had the choice of weapons. I was sure that with revolvers I could drop any man at ten paces, but even after a fair duel they would have cut me to pieces.

"I therefore determined to 'make a bluff at it.' To the amazement and disgust of the seconds I insisted on shooting over a handkerchief. They realized that this meant sure death to both principals. Indeed, I illustrated the position to their satisfaction.

"They went away to report, and came back to say that I was right.

"Then I demanded bowie-knives and a dark room. Their principal refused this, and I made a concession. I suggested that we be turned loose in a grove in the suburbs, each armed with a club, but this didn't suit at all.

"We kept the seconds running back and forth for two days, and my last proposition was that we be lashed together and flung into the river and allowed to use our teeth only. They gave it up after that, and I was never troubled by Spaniards who had once gained by killing a man at ten paces."

Versified Excuses.

"Bill Blue of Number Two," the engineer who made a rhymed report of an accident—a report that was headed Youth's Companion—reminds a correspondent of a freight conductor who dropped into poetry when his own train was in trouble.

"Number Eight" is the fastest east-bound train on one of the great trunk lines. Nothing is more annoying to the authorities of the road than to have this train delayed, even for five minutes, by inferior trains. But disappointed that it was once detained for fifteen minutes at Friendship, New York—a little town on the Allegheny division—by a west-bound freight.

The delay was of course reported by the conductor of the freight to the superintendent at Hornellsville, and the superintendent immediately telegraphed the guilty freight conductor, asking why the "Flyer" had been detained. The freight conductor, in reply, with a turn for rhyme, sent back the following reply:

"The wind was high, the steam was low;
The train was heavy and hard to tow;
The coal was poor, 'twas mostly slate—
Hence the detention of 'Number Eight.'"

But the conductor's "poem" did not save him from being pennance—ten days off duty, without pay.

* * *

"Oh, George!" squeaked the parrot, as soon as the young man came into the parlor, "how rough your face is!"

WE MAKE MEN,

MARITAL STRENGTH, VITALITY, MANHOOD.

In Two to Ten Days.

Right here, Grubs and sufferers come at once. Errors of Youth Premature Decline, Lost Manhood, Nervousness and all Blasting and Weaknesses of Men or Women from whatever cause, permanently and privately cured.

Weak Men Enlarged and Developed

FREE! FREE! FREE!

Full Confidence Restored and Sustained

Our regular $5.00 package Dr. Ko's Vital Sparks, a full month's treatment 10 doses, sent by mail, closely sealed. Write us today.

Dr. Ko's Vital Sparks guarantee that you will get all the benefits represented, or they go as we claim, you can pay after you are cured, and we leave it entirely to your honor. Our faith is so great and we know so well the wonderful virtues we claim in this. They surprise and please you. They astound the medical world. They act on the entire urino-genital system, and to miracle of fable and story, turns out the wonderful results obtained. They stop nightly losses in from one to three days. They cure all drains, dreams and losses in urine entirely in from a few days' treatment. The skin becomes clear, the eyes bright and clear. Confidence returns, step cracks, bowels regular, liver active, complexion increase the appetite when it is poor, headaches, fainting and nervous symptoms all cease, and the head becomes clear, the memory good, the mind active, the whole body full of vigor, the red blood, which marches the circulation, pulsates through the veins, cheeks pink, lips red, under our treatment. Any sensible weak man or woman is made a new being, and restored to perfect health, strength, sexual power and glorious youth at once.

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Barn-Yard Bitterness.

Mr. Drake—Whatcher cryin' for?
Mrs. Waddle—Oh, everything 's down on me!

The Same Old Story.

Cupid with his bow and arrows
Wandered through the world one day,
Looking for unconscious victims,
Their repose to take away.
All at once he spied a maiden,
Who was famed for beauty rare.
But who always coldly listened
To each lover's ardent prayer.

Swiftly Cupid shot his arrows,
Vainly shot them, one by one,
For his darts all missed the maiden,
As his darts had always done.
Then he winked—sly little fellow!
And the next shot surely told,
For the last dart in his quiver
Was an arrow tipped with gold!

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Not Enough to Go Round.

"There is some talk," said the hat salesman, with the newspaper, "of President McKinley offering his friendly offices to Great Britain and the Transvaal."

"What!" snorted the Ohio man, jumping from his seat; "do you think President McKinley would offer any kind of an office to any one, unless they were from Ohio? No, sir, the man who wrote that had been eating pickles late at night!"

She Enjoyed It.

They had been sitting together for half an hour.

"I have enjoyed our conversation so much!" she exclaimed, as she rose to go. "It is so restful to talk with you!"

And after she had left him he remembered that he hadn't been able to get in ten words edgewise throughout the whole conversation.

Trapped.

"No, Edwin," said Mrs. Porgies, "I have never told you a lie and never will."

"I do not doubt you, my dear, but every time I know to a certainty that you have deceived me I will just cut a notch in the piano."

"No, you won't, Edwin Jorgies! Do you suppose I want that instrument ruined?"

A Winner.

"I think," said the ingenious man, "that I have an invention at last which will make my fortune."

"What is it?"

"It is a camera for use in fishing camps. It exaggerates the size of the fish, while taking the fisherman at his normal size."

Telephonic.

RINGING UP THE CENTRAL.

The Impossible.

"A thousand piastres if you abduct the girl tonight!"

"Impossible!" protested the mercenary. "I was shaved only day before yesterday, and who ever heard of a job of this magnitude being done by anybody with less than a week's growth of stubby beard upon his face?"

Foster St. Cyr stamped his foot impatiently.

"Am *I* to be cheated of *my* prey, after all?" he hissed.

Shackles.

"Have you burst through the limitations with which your sex has been encompassed?" demanded Progress.

"I ride a diamond frame wheel!" protested the Woman.

"But with ribbons on the handle bars!" thundered Progress, with a terribly accusing look.

The Woman hung her head, guiltily. And yet how, pray, was a person to strike off shackles which were subjective, so to speak?

THE HORRIBLE CLIMAX.

I.

Ethel—Algy, dearest, I think now is the time to tell you a little secret. Papa has promised to settle fifty thousand dollars upon me the day I marry—

II

—anybody but you! —Puck.

A Satisfaction.

"What are you going to do for amusement today?"

"I think," answered the hero, "that I'll go to a dime museum and see the armless phenomenon."

"I didn't know you were interested in curiosities of that kind."

"I wasn't formerly. But it will be a great satisfaction to meet somebody who I'm dead sure isn't going to shake hands with me."

A Nonsuit.

"My entire future depends upon the favor you show my suit," he pleaded.

"Yes, Mr. Sharp," replied the beautiful young heiress, coldly, "I have heard that you refer to me as your long suit."

Thrown Much Together.

Blobbs—Weren't you surprised to hear of Hijacks' engagement to that Bjonea girl?

Blobb—Not at all. They were thrown very much together last summer, riding tandem.

A MILK PUNCH.

After the Boom Was Over.

"When I came to this town," said the man on the dry goods box, "everything I had in the world was tied up in a red bandana handkerchief."

"And now?" asked the tourist, who was waiting for a train.

"And now," replied the man on the box, scratching his jaw, "everything I've got in the world is tied down with mortgages."

We give every man or woman a Solid Gold-laid Solitaire Sterling Carbon Diamond Gem Ring. It is solid gold pattern, and unsurpassed for beauty, brilliancy and durability. We give it free for selling 20 cases of Perfumery among your friends at 25 cts a case. Just send name and address and we will mail perfumery postpaid on receipt. When sold send money and we will mail ring which few can tell from genuine \$5 diamond. We take perfumery back if you cannot sell. Address: Persian Perfumery Co., 19 Warren St., New York.

His Experience.

"Woman's work is never done," quoted the sympathetic citizen.

"That's right," answered Mr. Meekton, earnestly. "I have observed it in Henrietta's case. Woman's work is never done. There is always enough of it left over to keep her husband busy from the time he gets through dinner till he's so tired he has to go to bed."

Acquitted.

"Remember," said the young man with the downy mustache and the foreign title, "I am not a fortune hunter."

"No," answered Mr. Cumrox, gloomily, "I discovered that shortly after I became your father-in-law. You promise to sit still and have the fortune walk into your bank account. You wouldn't do anything so fatiguing as to get up and hunt it."

To Cure Piles and Female Diseases.

I have discovered a positive cure for all female diseases and piles. I will send a sample to cure any of the worst cases of leucorrhœa, womb, such as hemorrhages, displacements, ulceration, inflammation, and the most foul and offensive discharges. I will gladly mail a box of this wonderful medicine free to every sufferer. Mrs. C. A. MILLER, Box 102, Kokomo, Ind.

Not an Incendiary.

"Mr. Slocum," said little Tommy to Sister Mary's young man, "you never play with matches, do you?"

"What makes you ask that funny question, Tommy?"

"Nothin', only pa says he guesses you won't ever set the river on fire."

Penalties in Reversed Order.

Bobby Rich—My pa gave me a watch and promised me a lickin' if I was late to school any more! What did you get?

Johny Poor—A lickin' and a promise of a watch if I ever be late any more!

TO CURE LAGRIPPE IN TWO DAYS

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

He Had Seen Them.

"I think," said the old lady, wisely, "that young Mr. Binks has a hold on Mabel's affections."

Possibly, possibly," replied the old gentleman, who had just glanced into the parlor. "At any rate he has a hold on her waist!"

Awaiting a Chance.

"Hail Columbia!" exclaimed an enthusiastic American, as the British yacht sailed by.

"We will!" responded Sir Thomas, with a placid smile, "if we get close enough to her!"

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Couldn't Understand It.

"Rastus (in amasement)—Fo' de lan' sake! Whar am de shanghai dat's makin' dat shaddah?"

"Papa, what are 'the sands of time?'"
"They constitute the grit with which a woman hangs on to her favorite birthday."

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A thoroughly Practical Camera, suitable for taking pictures anywhere, any time, by anybody. Size of picture 2½ x 2½ inches.

Sent complete with all supplies necessary; takes 6 pictures. Our agents are delighted with it; no money required. Send your name and address and we will send it by return mail. If Purchaser of Sweet Cyrus of Violets, the most lasting and exquisite powdered perfume known. Sell them among your friends for only 10 cents each. When sold send us the $1.50 and we will send you the Camera and Outfit FREE.

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LADIES WANTED to make up stocking dolls at home. Write for particulars. Enclose stamp. H. F. JONES, Box 70, Boston, Mass.

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WANTED Reliable Men and women in every locality to advertise and introduce our goods; salary $18 per week; expenses advanced; position permanent. Manhattan Theatre Building, Broadway, New York.

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GENERAL AGENTS MEN AND WOMEN good address, to travel and appoint agents; salary $75 monthly; expenses advanced; position permanent. Give reference. Butler & Algen, New Haven, Conn.

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$3 a Day Sure Send to-day address and we'll show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you how you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write us at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 2, DETROIT, MICH.

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WANTED MAN WITH HORSE and Buggy to sell Pasture Stock Food. Salary $21 per week and $3 per day for expenses. Horse furnished. Previous experience not essential. Wanting Stock Food is the only reason we can offer such liberal terms. Position permanent. Address, with stamp, PASTURE STOCK FOOD CO., 214 Boyce Building, CHICAGO

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To give a beautiful gold finished watch with a genuine American movement for selling 20 packages of our new perfume at 10 cents per package. Each watch is packed in a box and warranted a perfect timekeeper for five years. Our ring is a solid gold filled ring, set with a genuine Rubine diamond, guaranteed to wear for years, for selling only10 packages at 10 cents per package. These rings can't be told from $100.00 diamond rings, even by experts. Our perfume is the finest ever sold for 10 cents. You can sell our perfume very quickly as we give a first gold ring to every person who buys perfume from you. Send no money. Simply send your name and address on a postal card and we will send you the perfume; also our large premium list of costly presents and hundreds of testimonials from pleased customers. When you have sold the perfume, send us the money we will send you the present at once. We have had perfume if you can't sell it address J. PERFUME HOUSE, 271 Dearborn Street, Dept. N1, Chicago, Ill.

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Storyettes.

In a Tornado.

Few situations are so crowded with vivid experiences as those to be found in the path of a tornado. A storm moving at the rate of sixty or seventy miles an hour is soon past a given spot, but every instant of its passage seems stretched to intolerate length. A recent article in the Century recounts a series of extraordinary occurrences. Perhaps the most remarkable, not to say incredible, adventures among them were those which befell Miss Moorehouse, Mrs. Webster and her son in a Missouri tornado.

"I was conscious all the time I was flying through the air," said Miss Moorehouse afterward, "and it seemed a long time. I seemed to be lifted up and whirled round, going up to great heights—at one time far above the church steeples—and seemed to be carried a long distance.

"I prayed to the Lord to save me, for I believed He could save me, even in the wings of a tornado; and He did wonderfully preserve my life.

"As I was going through the air, being whirled about at the sport of the storm, I saw a horse soaring and rotating about me. It was a white horse, and had a harness on. By the way it kicked and struggled as it was hurled about, I knew it was alive. I prayed God that the horse might not come in contact with me, and it did not. I was mercifully landed on the earth unharmed—saved by a miracle."

Young Webster, too, saw the horse in mid-air.

"At one time," he says, "it was directly over me, and I was very much afraid I should come in contact with its flying heels."

After a flight of nearly a quarter of a mile, Miss Moorehouse and her two wheelsters were let down so gently that not one of them was seriously injured, although Mrs. Webster had slight cuts about her head, and her son had one arm fractured.

It is interesting to know that the white horse also survived. Its mate was found dead near the wrecked barn in which the animals had been standing.

The white horse was caught up and carried a mile through the air, and according to the accounts of reputable witnesses, was at times more than two hundred feet high, passing over a church steeple. Beyond being plastered with mud, the animal was unin jured.

Life or Death.

"Prince" John Van Buren, so called because he was the prince of good fellows, was exceedingly popular in Washington. New York Tribune prints a story which shows his readiness and effectiveness on the stump.

He was making a speech in behalf of his father, President Van Buren, when an old Democrat rose and upbraided him as a traitor to his party for a fresh exploit of the charge.

One day, he said, a man on horseback came up with a boy who was contending with an overturned load of hay. Instead of tossing the hay back into the wagon, the boy was tossing it hither and thither, regardless of the latter's wishes. The traveler halted and said:

"My young friend, why do you work so furiously in the wet weather? Why don't you throw the hay back into the wagon, and be more tenderly to your horse?"

The boy stopped, wiped his face with his shirt-sleeve, and pointing to the pile of hay on the roadside, said:

"Stranger, dad's under there!"

Then he set about his work again, more furiously than ever.

The Whipping Schoolmaster.

John Hawtrey is still remembered as one of the famous whipping schoolmasters of England. He achieved his reputation at Eton, where he early made the birch his sovereign remedy for moral ills, and where his doses were never homoeopathic.

It was autumn, says Alfred Lubbock, who has a vivid remembrance of Hawtrey's methods, and we small boys used to buy chestnuts and roast them over the fire in a shovel. One day a boy named F., who was a great favorite of Hawtrey's, had a lot of chestnuts, and as a special favor, was allowed to make use of the pupil-room fire, while pupil-room was still going on.

Hawtrey was going in and out of the room while we were working, and on one occasion, coming in rather quietly, he caught sight of F. kneeling over the fire arranging his chestnuts. The boy's position was irresistible to any lover of the art of chastisement. Not seeing his face, and supposing it was one of the other boys stealing the chestnuts, John Hawtrey quietly took his cane from his desk, and creeping forward on tiptoe, gave the wretched F. a most tremendous whack.

The boy jumped up with a yell, his hands clapped behind him. Then the tutor saw who he was, and said, embracing him:

"Oh, my poor boy! I am so sorry! I thought it was another boy stealing your chestnuts."

We, of course, were all delighted, and roared with laughter.

Kentucky Snake Bite Cure.

"Speaking about snakes," began the major, "reminds me of a little incident down on the plantation. A man down that was cutting away some underbrush when he suddenly threw down his blade and killed a snake had bit him in the heel. We brought some bourbon down from the house and made him drink a quart without taking a breath. Then the man turned around and said he believed he had been wrong about the snake bite; that it was a thorn went up his heel.

"That man was lucky, major."

"He was, sub. He was lucky to put away that quart of bourbon before he found out the mistake."

NOT A DUPLICATE.

I kissed fair Kate one summer's night,
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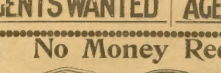

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The speechless lady on a $30 gold piece is proof positive that silence is golden.

A Kentucky girl has invented an improvement in pocket knives. If it girl can't catch a man one way she can another.

The average man is always wondering what others think of him, and the chances are the others never give him a thought.

A young man who was being initiated into an eastern college fraternity has been drowned during the preliminary foolishness of the initiatory ceremonies. There are lives to all things, and the iron hand of the faculty of every college should depread in a hurry upon secret societies conducted upon principles which so sorely tempt a violent onslaught by the foolkiller.

The death of young Berkeley at Cornell ought to warn the college secret societies to revise or cut out the boisterous horseplay that precedes the ritualistic part of their initiations. It is not the first occurrence of the kind among reputable societies, while among the outlawed fraternities the dangers are still greater.

The death was an accident. That is, it was not the intended result, but the "ceremonies" in such cases make similar accidents somewhat apt to occur, and this is true, whether the victim be of the Kappa Alpha initiations, but of the initiations of most college fraternities. The candidate is almost invariably compelled to some risk, although it may not be the risk of death or of a very severe injury. Sometimes this is to "test his nerve." Sometimes it is for no more sensible purpose than to put him in ridiculous positions that will form the excuse for horse laughter at his expense for the rest of his college career. Almost always it serves to show whether he is a good fellow or not. These objects are innocent enough. But every once in a while somebody forgets to fit the plank or set the tub properly, or spread the blanket where it ought to be, or some injudicious person puts the candidate through too hard a "stunt," and the result is such a sad ending to an evening's sport as Cornell has just witnessed.

College men ought to ask themselves if it's "worth it." Fraternities ought not to be abolished, nor should they be conducted on a namby-pamby, milk-and-water basis, but the danger element ought to be eliminated from their ceremonies. If they are only to exist at the occasional cost of a bright young fellow's life and a happy home somewhere made desolate, they ought not to exist at all.

THE FATAL TRAIL.

The Red Rider's Secret---The League of the Scouts---A Thrilling Story of Army Life on the Frontier.

By COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

Author of "Montezuma," "The Red Machete," "Buckskin Bes," Etc.

(Copyrighted, 1898.)

Begun in No. 40, September 30. Subscriptions can begin with that date or back numbers can be procured from our agents or by mail from the office of publication.

The Indian rider had so persistently declined being ambushed and shot that the people of the fort had come to look upon him as a phenomenon and ceased to look for his death at the hands of the secret assassins of the trail.

He had come and gone, all knew, especially the scouts, by which he escaped the ambushers, and whatever it was he kept it sedulously to himself.

He went and came as regularly as clockwork, and if he saw any dangers, met with any adventure, he knew which of them unless closely questioned.

No attempt had been made to carry out the threat to make Alice Seeley the victim of the ambushing hatred of the Pony Rider, though several other placards of threats and warnings had been stuck up upon various parts of the stockade walls, and were taken to Colonel Seeley when found. Still the latter seemed to have no worry for Alice Seeley in the slightest degree.

But one day the fort was thrown into almost consternation by the cry:

"The pony express is coming, but it is not the Sedalia Rider!"

All were at once on the qui vive and Alice Seeley grew pale, while the few in the colonel grew almost nervous.

At last the rider scattered, through his set teeth.

On came the rider at a terrific pace, mounted upon a large bay that ran splendidly.

Nearer and nearer he drew until the Rider loomed up as a man in buckskin leggings studs in cavalry boots, a blue corduroy jacket, white silk shirt and black tie, to which glimmered a diamond, a black slouch hat pinned up in front with a miniature hand of gold holding four aces.

A well-formed, handsome man with a dark, fearless face, in which was much character, but showing a reckless, devil-may-care and blue eyes that were intensely expressive.

About his waist was a red sash hiding a belt in which were two revolvers.

"It's Velvet Bill, Jack," he cried Paymaster Birney, and all gazed with admiration at the handsome rider as he spurred the stockade at full speed, raised his hat in salute, and threw open the gates in front of Colonel Seeley, to whom he said, in his courtly way:

"You will be alarmed, sir, for no harm has befallen your gallant Indian Rider. I took the run at its best speed."

Colonel Seeley had heard much of the man before from the paymaster and had told his story of him, and except that he was a professional gambler, and had been drawn into many personal affairs, he had won unkind had been said of him.

So he greeted him cordially and said:

"I am glad to learn Red Rider is all right, sir---I beg pardon, for I do not know your name."

"Simply Velvet Bill, Colonel Seeley, for I aspire to no other."

"Well, sir, I have to thank you very much for riding the Sedalia Express, and permit me to say that you are on time."

"I am glad to hear you say so."

"You gave us all a shock when we saw it was not the Red Rider, for he is very much of a favorite here."

"As he is along the whole line, sir; but he told me that he resigned and the Kaggs express today."

"Thank you; but may I ask what has detained him?"

"News came through, sir, to hold Sunset Sam's coach at Dismal Station for an extra bearing the wife of the wounded stranger Jumping Jerry Miner. I guess the Red Rider took the idea that the moonlighters might show themselves again on the trail, so got help to guard the coach, I believe."

"Just what the brave fellow should have done, and I am glad that my poor friend Dillingham's wife has come, for he cannot live, I learn. But now let me see to your comfort, sir."

"Permit me to extend the hospitality of my quarters to you, sir," said Paymaster Birney, coming forward and relieving Colonel Seeley from what might have been, for some time, a rather awkward position.

"We have met before, Velvet Bill, and you have befriended me, but if you do not recall when and where, I am not at liberty to explain to you under existing circumstances."

"But, believe me your friend, and most glad am I to have you for my guest," said the paymaster, as he led the gambler toward his quarters.

"We have met before, sir, you say?" said Velvet Bill, thoughtfully.

"We have sir, but you could never recall me."

The gambler turned and looked the paymaster squarely in the eyes, while he said:

"You are mistaken, sir, for if I meet a man to speak to him one minute, I never forget him."

"You recognize me, then?"

"Yes, I knew you now for your voice and your eyes betray you.

"It was a bold game you played and you won, though your poor friend was killed."

"By the gods of war! but you have placed me."

"Velvet Bill you are a marvelous man, and I need hardly ask you to keep my secret."

"It is safe, sir, and now I can understand when the secret fund came from that has helped destitute miners and sick ones in Jumping Off Gulch and Sunset Sam had handled the money well, placing it where it would do most good."

"I am glad to meet a man like you, Paymaster Birney."

Velvet Bill enjoyed his dinner immensely, and as a number of officers dropped in who proposed a game of cards, he was persuaded to play, and as he rode away at night on his return to Jumping Off City, he said to himself:

"Not a bad twenty-four hours' work, for I have a cool thousand, but they would play, those young officers, though I warned them that I was born under a lucky star."

"Lordy, Ma'm, yer saved thet cruel fiend's life," cried Sunset Sam, as his arm was released from the fainting woman.

"I did not wish to see him die, sir, though he deserved it."

"Waal, thet's so, and he mighty nigh tarred an' feathered, but here comes ther cavalry, though I didn't know any sojers was on ther trail."

As Sunset Sam spoke, full into the moonlight came a horseman and behind him followed others.

"Lordy! It be the Pony Rider and I are a murderin' liar, ma'am, ef ther whole outfit of pilgrims with him ain't drunk."

It was no wonder that Sunset Sam so set the following down, for they were reeling in their saddles, one or two were without hats, and the horses they rode.

"Waal, Red Rider, what in thunder is yer doin' here, when I thought yer was on yer ride down to the Fatal Trail at this time?"

"I came to look after you, Sunset Sam, as I knew you had a passenger and that to insure the moonlighters would hold you up."

The Indian raised his hat to the fair passenger, while he added with a laugh:

"What do you think of my pards, Sunset?"

"Waal, I may be hung for a horse-thief or thar's a man in my skull jint, now I gets my eyes enter them."

"What is they, Red Rider?"

"Some bags of leaves, old clothes, hats and boots I laid by and rigged up for them.

"I took the stage fighting place, so followed, though not quite ready, and the moonlighters, I knew, would not all sit up right; but they served my purpose, and I knew they would, I gave helped, too."

There sat Red Rider with his eight horses in lead, and upon their backs the dummies he had rigged up to make a show of horsemen, and at sight of them Sunset Sam broke forth into a roar of laughter, while Lucita could not help smiling at the grotesque sight.

At last Sam said:

"Pon honor, Colonel, Ma'm are Red Rider, the Pony Rider o' the Fatal Trail.

"He hev got more grit than a whole company of ther best sojers in ther world, yet might need help has played this leetle game on ther moonlighters."

"Lordy, but won't Cap'n Moonlight rave when he finds out he's been and I tells him so, he and his gang run from one Injun, for he's a Injun, ma'm, clean through, though I hev seen his white pale face I have struck."

"I am glad to meet you, sir, and I certainly appreciate your kindness in coming to my rescue."

"I am glad I was near to help you madam; but, Sam, how many moonlighters did you see tonight?"

"Only Cap'n Moonlight."

"No others?"

"No."

"Did you hear them?"

"Yes."

"My lead horses got into a snarl or I would have seen some sooner and I myself, had I caught sight of Captain Moonlight, have given chase."

"Lor'! But he did light out down that valley as if his hair was in your pouches!"

"Velvet Bill took them on for me, only do not speak of it, and I will come on to Jumping Off City tomorrow after them."

"What yer goin' now?"

"I think the moon is bright enough for me to follow Captain Moonlight."

"Better not, pard."

"I'll be cautious; and you take the horses on, leading behind your coach, to Sandy's station, for I borrowed them from him."

"Sandy will die laughin' when he sees 'em, Red Rider."

"I hope not; but you had better push on now, Sam, for moments are precious."

"Sunset Sam understood what Red Rider meant, and so did Lucita, for she said quickly:

"Oh, yes; I must see him alive."

Thus urged Sam helped Red Rider to secure the horses behind the coach and went on his way at a rapid pace, while the Indian youth turned off down the valley to follow the trail of the moonlighters.

"What a wonderful youth that seems to be," said Lucita, as they went on their way.

"He be the wonderment o' this country, ma'm."

"He is a full blooded Indian, you say, sir?"

"Yes, ma'm; but he's edicated."

"So I noticed, and he neither talks or seems like an Indian."

"But he be a full blood, I take it ma'am."

"Well I shall reward him most liberally for his services tonight."

"Let me tell yer, ma'm, beggin' yer pardon; but ef yer means to reward Red Rider money don't do it, for it will cut him deeper than a knife ter think you'd feel he would take it.

"No, ma'm, he are like myself, actin' for human nature's sake and no pay.

"We gits our pay and we'd stand up and die doin' our duty; but ye can't put what gold, for doin' what is right.

"I hopes yer understand, ma'm, and hain't angry with me."

"No, indeed, my noble friend, I am glad you spoke as you did, for now I can appreciate both you and Red Rider as you deserve to be," and laying half out in her hand but Sam said:

"I'd shake, ma'm, but I might crush thet leetle thing!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Having learned that Sunset Sam was to await the coach bearing the stranger's wife, the denizens of Miner's Hotel were not alarmed at his delay in coming in.

Sam had driven hard, making up a couple of hours time, as he was anxious to get Mrs. Dillingham to the side of her dying husband, but it was late in the night after nightfall before his horn was heard awaking the echoes of the mountain side.

Up he dashed, his team covered with foam, and Parson Prim and Landlord Jerry stood side by side before the door of Overland Lodge to meet the expected wife of the stranger.

She was aided from the box while Sam said:

"Landlord Jerry, and Parson Prim, this are the lady comes ter nurse and give ther wounded gent a new grip on life."

"How is he, sir?" asked Lucita, anxiously, as she sprang out.

"Awaiting your coming most anxiously, madam."

"Will you go at once to him, or have supper at the lodge, first?"

"I will go at once, sir, and if the landlord will give quarters to my maid and servant man I will feel grateful, for I have a number of things for Mr. Dillingham's comfort."

Landlord Jerry took Jule and Robert in hand, while Parson Prim escorted the lady up to his cabin.

"She will come to me," the wounded man had said, and upon this the parson had made his cabin look as trim as possible, fitting up a room for the new comer, and turning the shed outside into a kitchen.

Here he had engaged a man of all work and a good cook and a nurse as well, and he had left him in charge while he went after Mrs. Dillingham.

The singe horn had reached the ears of the wounded man as he lay waiting for it at once, when the parson said he would go meet his wife.

"Tell me the truth, sir, about his case, for see, I am strong, and prepared for the worst," and the man of grit ascended the spur to the cabin.

"Be prepared, sir, madam."

"I felt that it was so," and she said no more.

They reached the cabin and the parson gave a whistle and the miner nurse came out.

Then the parson stepped in, and said:

"Your wife has arrived, Mr. Dillingham."

"And she is here?"

"Yes," I am here" and the faithful wife who had braved so much to come to her husband's side, rushed to him, while Parson Prim quickly closed behind her.

"We see and sights in our life out here, Perry," said the stranger, as he folded the nurse.

"Yes, sir; but the gent seems so bright I think he may get well."

"Oh, if only I had hope of seeing his wife.

"He will fail rapidly now, and may not live through the night."

"Poor man!"

Soon the wife came to the door and said:

"He wishes to see you, sir, and will you send for my maid, and Robert?

Then when the landlord to come and your presence also."

Perry was sent at once down to the hotel and Parson Prim entered the room.

He saw that his words had been but too true for the wounded man was sinking rapidly.

The parson gave him a stimulant, and he rallied and said:

"My good friend, get pen, ink and paper, and write as I dictate."

"Lose no time."

The parson obeyed and the wounded man said:

"Write! I am ready, sir."

"Being now at the point of death and in full possession of my mental faculties I hereby bequeath what I possess, viz: Lucita Courtney Dillingham, my entire estate, balances due me, and leave her executrix, appointing her executrix, without reservation whatsoever."

"Is it written?"

"It is, sir."

"Read it."

The parson did so.

"Now, Parson Prim, I wish you to take charge of that paper as soon as it is signed, sealed and witnessed, and send it to my attorney's, whose address now write on the back of it. You will do this for me?"

"I will, sir."

"And you must with so it, too."

"And more, before the arrival of the others I wish to tell you to pay my faithful nurse, Perry, one thousand dollars out of the money you hold of mine, as much more to the driver, Sunset Sam, and a like amount to the Indian Pony Rider."

"Pardon me, Mr. Dillingham, but neither Sunset Sam nor Red Rider would accept a dollar, sir, as I well know."

"But you will allow me to leave you a legacy out of the money you hold of——"

"Not a dollar, sir, though I appreciate your kindness—Ah, here they come!"

The doctor opened and Perry ushered into the room Landlord Jerry, Jule and Robert.

The dying man gave his hand to each in silence, and then said:

I am [illegible] and [illegible] Parson Primm.

It was done.

"Give me the pen."

In a bold hand he signed it, and handed the pen to Parson Primm.

Then the landlord came next, then Jule Hassan, and Robert Beatz.

In like manner did the dying man, and a look from the parson caused all to retire and leave the faithful wife alone with her husband.

[illegible] hour afterward, and [illegible] room and heard his last words:

"God bless you, Parson—good-b——"

The news of the death of the stranger speedily spread, the came of Jerry Rip and the good-hearted souls stopped to the next morning, dressed up in their best and prepared to go to the funeral, which was to be an event.

Parson Primm left Jule with Mrs. Dillingham, Perry and Robert with the shock, and rode to the cabins of the seloons and asked as an especial favor to the sorrowing widow, a woman in her midst, if they would not close their doors.

Not one refused and never before had the bar-rooms been such a Sabbath looking day as Miners' Roost presented.

Then the parson made coffee and covered with black cloth, one of Mrs. Dillingham's dresses, while Jule had given the parson, and a grave had been dug upon the spot of the stranger's death, near the cabin, and in a beautiful spot.

In silence the miners came and with uncovered heads stood as the parson in sorrowing woman, seated before the cabin, making a picture of sympathy.

Then the coffin was raised by the six pall-bearers from the cabin, Parson Primm selected, and borne toward the grave.

Parson Primm followed, with head uncovered, then from mercenary to his deep rich voice:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Behind him came the widow, leaning upon Landlord Jerry's arm, Jule and Robert followed, and then Perry, the faithful nurse, while the miners, several hundred in number, grouped in silence about the grave.

The coffin was lowered by gentle hands to its last resting place and as every pardoned Landlord Jerry took up a shovel full of earth, and let it fall upon the coffin as Parson Prim repeated the saddest of words:

"Thou do we commit thy body to the grave, earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes. Amen!"

Then suddenly like a heavenly voice, there burst forth upon the air in tones of awesome power, the song:

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

It was the widowed woman who sung and all stood spell-bound at the scene, the melody, the singer.

Alone she sung the first verse, but as she began the second voice after voice, in clear resonant, and full of music.

It was a scene, never to be forgotten, to be joined in until with a mighty roar of melody like unto the sounds of many voices of went echoing along the mountains and valleys of that vast wilderness, the word

"Amen!"

Let me hide myself in Thee."

When the last word of song had died away the Parson threw into the grave a shovel full of earth and handed the shovel to Landlord Jerry.

He did likewise. Pe[illegible]

one by one the miners passed in file taking the shovel and throwing in their mite, and thus gave away in silence toward the widow and bowing low once more in sympathy.

She held forth her hand when Perry came, and then one by one each hard party grasped it with a word of sympathy to it, while from lips from which curses rather than prayers had more often fallen, came again and again the words:

"God bless you."

At last all had gone away, and the widow was alone by the grave.

It was a beautiful spot for that wild scene as laying away in the grave that a monarch might have chosen.

It was a burial which could have been seen more impressive, and as Parson Dillingham thought and felt.

A widow, here in the frontier wilds with her faithful Jule, the only other woman within many a long mile.

But she was not alone.

"No, not here, Jule, are we alone.

"All these miners men are true friends.

"God bless all of them."

That night the camp-fire on the spur Lucita talked over with the Parson what was best to be done.

He asked if she would go to the fort, but she preferred to start upon her return when Sunset Sam came on his weekly trip.

She wrote a letter to Colonel Seeley, telling him his darling death, thanking him for his kind visit to him, and making known all that Parson Prim, Sunset Sam and Mr. Hatter had done for her.

This letter she gave to Parson Prim to deliver, and with Jule and Robert for her companions, started upon the return trip, again mounting the box with Sunset Sam.

Every man in camp was gathered at the Overland Lodge to see her leave and wish her good luck as they stood with uncovered heads as the coach rolled away.

"Now, open up ther licker dives, pards, so we kin celebrate, for this goin' without rum fer twenty-four hours be awful harrowin' to our narves," said a miner, and he but gave expression to the feeling of all and a wild orgie was begun in Miners' Roost, which never ended until there were several men killed.

But when they looked for the Parson for another burial service he was nowhere to be found.

He had most mysteriously disappeared, and a note left in his cabin for Landlord Jerry stated that he had departed to return no more, and grief at the Parson's going was seized upon as reason enough for a renewal of the orgie, which was accordingly entered upon with the greatest ardor by men, glad of a chance to "celebrate."

CHAPTER XXIII.

On the way back to Dismal City Lucita and Sunset Sam had the best of chances to hear his voice, to drive away her own painful thoughts.

So Sunset Sam, only too happy to oblige in that line, entered upon his favorite theme, the Indian Rider, and finding that his listener seemed deeply interested went on to tell all about the Indian youth.

"I may be a given' out [illegible] but I guess its Miss [illegible] and likely to marry such [illegible] Yes sir—her Pony Rider come and took [illegible] I will admit he did it, and I at last found out—for we is the [illegible] he were a workin' for [illegible] game than Pony Rider now.

That game were to secure his adopted father Parson Prim.

"The Injun boy, as I understood it, were [illegible] his father was a white, and a Mohawk chief who had been stolen when a child by the Sioux.

He got ter be a big chief, and yet th[illegible] kinder doubled him, cause he helped the Sioux ter escape.

So they drove him and his kid from their tribe, and his mother's woman in ter [illegible]

"While a wanderin' one day they heard as there were a man at bay again road [illegible]

So they sails in ter help him out, and done it, though the man were hurt, and dyin' left his boy ter the white man, who [illegible]

"Ther white man were a miner returning home from the diggin's, [illegible] coast east, so Red Rider told me, and he tuck him with him and put him to school.

"Then he went to the Injun agency and found she had skipped off with another fellow, and he were [illegible] ter do, [illegible] beggin' yer pardon.

"Then he went to his house clean done up and misfortune followed him arter a few years, for the banks what he had his money busted and he come west agin ter go ter minin'.

"But his old foe, Quantrell——"

"Quantrell!"

"Yes, sir, and I don't wonder you're scared at ther name; but he jist determined ter fight the Injun, and he knew of a mine, and he tuk him from my coach and left him for dead.

"But Parson Prim, who are a dandy, rescued him and took him to his cabin, and ther Quantrell [illegible] wounded in ther head and it made him mad."

"Well, Miss, that Quantrell kidnaped him from the Parson's cabin and soon arter it were that ther Indian chief got ter hear of it.

"He knowed ther country well, and he come right after Quantrell, and a noble time, ter [illegible]

"He [illegible] ter rescue his adopted father, and durn me, Miss, if he didn't do it, he and his boys, aided by Buffalo Bill and ther scouts.

"Well, they thought that Quantrell was dead, but he'd [illegible] ter fool his adopted pa was tuk east and put in a mad house, and somehow Parson Prim and Pony Rider tuk ther trail, and ther bein' no one who knowed Quantrell ther mad miner.

"He is a noble fellow, though, and it sincerely hope he may find him, for I suppose as Parson Prim's keepin' him, and never hidin it, hoping to force from him the secret of his mine."

[illegible] Red Rider [illegible] name being [illegible]

[illegible] cried the woman, [illegible] the [illegible] Sunset Sam, who [illegible] started, answered:

[illegible]

See he [illegible] when we got to Dismal City I will pla-e the hands my chum has forgiven thousand dollars, which will be saved to the one who rescues Parson Primm from the outlaws."

"Yes, I will give notice; so you see is it at the mouth of earned by some one."

Then yer knows him, Miss——"

"Him! I think I do, for he came back to claim as his wife years ago; but they both formed a plot to marry me to another man, whom I have just seen buried.

"Then I came to you and Sunset Sam, and I have you to rescue from the outlaws, poor Daniel Darwin.

"Red Rider will get that money, Miss," said Sunset Sam, impulsively, and Lucita murmured:

"Heaven grant him aid!"

The Indian Rider was back on time to Jumping Off City, as he had promised Velvet Bill he would be.

But Velvet Bill was not until late at night did he come in, and then with no explanation to the Indian Rider, left Velvet Bill for his kindness, mounted a fresh horse and departed upon his return to Dismal City.

He left a note for Parson Prim at Miners' Roost and, having skipped a meal of Sunset Sam's coach with its passengers.

Arriving at Dismal City he gave up his mail and said:

"I am going on a hunt, for my four days off. If I don't get back on time, send a posse through by Sunset Sam to Jumping Off City. I will head him off there and get them to the fort on time."

Then he left the astonished crowd and in ask him to hand this letter to Velvet Bill, the gambler."

But where are you going?"

"On a hunt, as I said," was the man hunt," he muttered to himself, as he turned away.

Soon after he mounted his best horse, and with a haversack of food and a couple of blankets, besides taking his repeating rifle, he set off on his trail.

He did not follow the Overland Trail, but bore away to the left, leaving Miners' Roost [illegible] miles away from the nearest point [illegible] passed to it.

There he passed the night, and the next morning, while cooking breakfast he saw a horseman ride along the trail.

Instantly he uttered a sound like the cooing of a dove and the horseman hirted

Repeating the sound, the Indian Rider heard the horseman coming toward him.

A minute after he rode up and dismounted.

"Well, Injun, I am glad I did not have to wait long?"

"I came just as soon as I started that poor lady gave me her return home, but now tell me what is up."

"You are rash for the trail, si[illegible]ess, all ready and willing.

"When after we have eaten breakfast we will start."

"No one else?"

"We do not need anyone else, as you will [illegible]

It was two ate a hearty breakfast together and then mounting their horses, rode away, the Indian Rider leading down the valley.

No halt was made until late in the afternoon, and then they went into camp in a canyon.

"Now, Parson, tell you the whole story. Velvet Bill rode up my ranch to fort and I came in search of the moonlighters [illegible] who had the stuff on [illegible] after he ran from my [illegible] Bill followed the trail off [illegible] and I track him to his den.

[illegible] place for a retreat; a [illegible] in the middle of a torrent, and [illegible] good horse to get there.

"He rides down to the Island and swims a horse down to it making a landi[illegible] from the shore. In this way he leaves the island landing [illegible]

The island is but a couple of acres in but there is plenty of grass and wood [illegible] so he can live.

"Have you been on the island?"

"I have.

"I jumped in and swam down to it and as [illegible] there.

"Then I left, mounted my horse and went to Jumping Off City to get my pouches from Velvet Bill."

"And the band numbers how many?"

"Twenty-five members number but one, Captain Moonlight himself."

"Ah!"

"It is true, for I suspected this as I rode in, but one trail always, and so watched."

"But others were with him."

"I another one, for he is a ventrilo[illegible]

"Ah!"

"It is so."

"Then he would call a name and answer himself?"

"That is it!"

"This is a great discovery."

"He has on the island my adopted father."

"We have you to thank for it."

"I have and we will go there tonight."

"Yes."

"There is a cavern in the island and this Captain Moonlight has his headquarters."

"I was sure of that after all you told me."

"Well, he uses the cavern as his headquarters, and has his booty there. Now, that is the situation."

"Well, we will answer it. If we can get there and keep our weapons dry."

"We can make a float now to carry us there on."

"Quantrell ther [illegible]

"If he is not, he will return there."

"True, he is our game," was the stern response of the Parson.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Leaving their horses upon the shore securely hitched, Red Rider and the Parson stepped upon the raft which they had built and using long poles in hand embarked upon their perilous voyage soon after midnight.

Then steered and the landing place reached in safety and the raft made [illegible]

A light glimmered upon the rock above and Red Rider crept to the [illegible] and looking listlessly into the fire. He [illegible] Quantrell.

The man was the mad miner. Suddenly Red Rider and the Parson called out in chorus:

"Hands up, Quantrell! You are surrounded!"

A wild yell broke from the lips of the robber, and he leaped into the cavern and began to fire recklessly.

But the parson was unmoved.

Suddenly the robber chief's horse dashed in fright by the cavern from where he was tethered, and broke away. His hoofs struck a keg of powder, knocking it into the fire, and almost instantly followed a terrific explosion and a heavy fall.

Red Rider [illegible] all directions, but none without were hurt.

But Quantrell!

The whole front of the cavern had fallen in, forming a solid mass of rocks over the entrance and Parson Prim said impressively:

"Behold, Red Rider! He has made his own tomb."

"At last! Yes, at last!"

Then with a bound, he sprung toward his adopted father. But the mad miner did not leave his den.

As Red Rider had said he got into Jumping Off City in time to meet Sunset Sam with his mail.

He was not alone, for with him was Parson Prim and the mad miner.

Then there were a score of horses in lead, and the party were bound for Fort Venture.

When Sunset Sam arrived he was given back his horses, stolen by Captain Moonlight and the whole story of the capture was told and cheered to the echo.

Then the party moved on to the fort, and such a welcome as they met there is beyond description.

"But who would have known you, Powell, in that rig?" said Colonel Seeley, turning to the pretended "Parson Prim," whom the [illegible] ere this as Frank [illegible]

And [illegible]

He was called to the surgeon's special quarters for Frank Powell had said:

A surgical operation will cure him, I feel [illegible]

[illegible] brain.

[illegible] nerves, for Daniel Darwin returned to him, but at one [illegible] time when he had received the wound was blank to him. He [illegible] his madness, and a

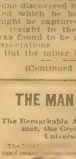
After a month spent at the fort, during which time Red Rider rode Pony Express, Daniel Darwin drew that map of the secret mine discovered by the Indian boy's father, by which he had destroyed for fear he might be captured by Quantrell, and went straight to the mine they went and it was found to be rich beyond their greatest expectations

Red Rider left others to work it for [illegible]

(Continued on page fourteen.)

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

The Remarkable Achievements of Prof. Woltmer, the Great Healer, Are Causing Universal Astonishment.



PROF. WOLTMER

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

A GREAT HAUL.

The Story of Dick Dart and the Postoffice Thieves---Pluck of a Boy Detective.

By RAVELL PINKERTON.

(Copyrighted, 1899.)

CHAPTER I.

A DEED OF DARKNESS

Just the night for a deed of darkness.

A furious storm was raging. Overhead the sky was inky black, except when lit up by a vivid flash of lightning.

Most of the folks who lived in the country town of Columbus had retired to bed. Of those who remained up the greater part did so only because they were afraid to retire.

On the main street all was as dark as anywhere else, for the town did not as yet boast of a public system of lighting.

Solemnly the old church clock struck out the midnight hour.

Scarcely had the last stroke died out when from the shadow of a vault crept a man. He was of ordinary height, yet as he walked through the driving rain he seemed small, so far forward did he bend.

He crossed the muddy road and moved swiftly toward a small stone building situated on a corner above the church.

"He is here yet, I feel sure of it," he murmured to himself.

To whom did he refer? Let us wait and see. The building gained, he paused before it. Over the narrow door was the sign: "Columbus Postoffice." And beneath this was another: "Giles Chalmers, Postmaster and Real Estate Dealer."

From out of a side window of the postoffice shot a single gleam of light, coming from a slit along the side of a drawn window shade.

Through this slit peered the man on the pavement.

As he saw the person within, his face lit up with a peculiar smile.

He paused to the back of the building. His right hand went into a coat pocket.

Out came a blue mask, and this was quickly adjusted to his face.

A blinding flash of lightning, followed by a deafening crash of thunder, caused the masked man to shrink back.

The flash of light had revealed somebody standing down on the corner of the street below.

"No time to lose," he murmured to himself.

He tried a door close at hand.

It was locked.

With nervous haste he brought forth a bunch of keys from his pocket.

One was tried, then another and then a third. The third fitted the lock and the door was shoved open.

It led to an entry way, which the man in the blue mask entered, closing and locking the door after him.

No longer did he hesitate.

The sight of another man on the corner below had alarmed him.

He moved forward noiselessly and entered the main room of the building.

It was a apartment about forty feet square, with two windows, both looking out on the side street.

To one side was arranged the rows of letter boxes and lock boxes peculiar to every postoffice. Opposite was a desk, with several chairs.

At the desk, deeply absorbed in thought, sat a middle-aged man.

This was Giles Chalmers, the postmaster. A good, noble man the town people thought him; a charitable man and a valuable member of Columbus society.

Giles' Chalmers face wore a look of deep anxiety.

Before him, on the desk, rested a tin box. It was about six inches long and ten wide, and only a few inches deep.

There was a tiny hasp and padlock in front, but the whole arrangement could easily have been wrenched apart by a strong man's hand.

Giles Chalmers had just opened the box when the masked man entered noiselessly behind him.

The midnight intruder had drawn a dagger, and now held it as if ready to strike as he advanced.

"I don't see why I should keep them," were the words which leaped from Giles Chalmers' lips. "They were they hurried up---far better for me.

He started to open the tin box, then seemed to change his mind, and paused and rubbed his chin reflectively.

"They stand in my way," he muttered, brokenly. "They have stood in my way since---"

He stopped short. The masked man had stepped on a loose board and it had creaked under his weight.

Giles Chalmers drew a deep breath, but he did not look around.

"The storm has made me nervous," he went on. "It seems to be growing more and more severe. Ah!"

"Crash! The lightning had struck in the old churchyard opposite, and the crack of thunder made the postmaster shrink back with wildly beating heart. He turned half around and there---

"My heavens! Who are you? Spare me! Are you man or devil?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Don't shrink away from me. It was the masked man who spoke. "A fit night for this deed, is it not?"

"Who are you?"

"The man in the blue mask."

"The man in the blue mask? I never heard of you before."

"Ha! ha! ha! But you will hear from me now, Giles Chalmers."

"You seem to know me."

"I do, you postmaster, thief---"

"Stop!" The postmaster leaped to his feet. "I know who you are."

"You shall not!"

"I will!"

Giles Chalmers leaped forward. A fierce hand-to-hand struggle ensued. The man in the blue mask seemed loath to use his dagger, yet he held it ready.

Crash---bang! A thunderclap directly over the postoffice building. The flagpole had been struck. The postoffice was filled with a smell of sulphur and a thin smoke.

The two men grappled. Suddenly the masked man knew the other from him. Giles Chalmers rolled on the floor.

"The papers are mine!" cried the masked man. He leaped over to the desk and secured the tin box. "Now good-by to Columbus forever!"

With the precious box under his coat he ran to a window in the rear, raised the back door and peered out. The coast appeared clear.

He opened the back door, went out, and locked it again. Then he turned toward the side street.

Scarcely had he taken three steps when something fell on the back of his neck.

It was a sand bag, and down he went like a shot. The box fell to the ground.

"My innings now," came in a rough voice from him who had used the sand bag with such awful effect.

He picked up the tin box and started for the back door of the postoffice.

CHAPTER II.

DICK DART IS CALLED IN.

Great was the excitement at that quiet town the next morning when the news was circulated that Giles Chalmers had been murdered in his office.

The postmaster had been found by his only clerk when that individual came to open up for the first morning mail.

Giles Chalmers was found flat on his face, a dagger thrust in the back of his neck.

His face and neck bore the marks of a fearful encounter.

The first impression was that the postoffice had been robbed.

The safe was found at once sent for.

The inspector and the clerk set to work.

The mail was all there, a registered letter was missing, nor had any of the money on hand been tampered with.

Why was he murdered?

This was the question which the town people asked each other.

No one could answer it.

"He had enemies," they said. "On the contrary, everybody in town was his friend."

The county coroner inspected the body and held an inquest, but failed to gather a clue as to who had come to death at the hands of some party or parties unknown," was the verdict.

Later on another postmaster named Isaac Baum was duly appointed, and the business went on as before.

But not for long.

One afternoon there was a great sensation. While Isaac Baum was alone a man came in to see about registering a letter.

Baum started to write him out a receipt, when suddenly the man caught him by the neck and held something under his nose.

Whether it was chloroform or not the new postmaster could not tell, but he immediately became unconscious.

When he recovered he found himself at home with his wife and two daughters standing anxiously at his side.

His head was affected, and for many days he could tell nothing but that somebody had caught hold of him and burnt the end of his nose.

This time the Columbus postoffice had been robbed.

Seventeen registered letters had been taken and $2,134 had been stolen from the safe, which was open at the time.

This daring robbery caused almost as much sensation as had the strange murder of Giles Chalmers.

Isaac Baum was pretty well-to-do, and he family at once cast about for some first-class detective who might take hold of the mystery and solve it.

Mrs. Baum had the chief of police of the town come to see her.

She told him just what she wanted.

"I will not belittle your work on the case, Mr. Chase," she said, "but you know how matters stand."

"Perfectly, madam. You want a man of great experience in running down criminals."

"Exactly."

"There is but one such man in the United States. I say one, I might almost say boy, for he is still young."

"What is his name?"

"To Dick Dart."

"Oh, I have heard of him. He was once a messenger boy."

"Exactly."

"And ever time ago he did a wonderful piece of work in bringing a gang of Wall street robbers to justice," went on Mrs. Baum.

"He is the young man, and just the one for this case---that is providing you can get him to take it."

"Do you think I will have any difficulty?"

"Possibly. He is a very busy young man---and, besides, his services come high."

"I will pay him his price," said Mrs. Baum. She was rich in her own right.

So Dick Dart was sent for.

Dick had heard of the strange doings at Columbus.

The mysterious murder of Giles Chalmers had interested him not a little.

As a result he had already made an investigation on this score unknown to any one in the town.

Why he had done this will appear later.

A long letter from Mrs. Baum brought this reply to that lady:

"Mr. Greenhead will call tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock sharp---never."

The good lady was much puzzled, but she reflected that doctors were queer about their work in their own way, and so said nothing.

At 2 o'clock on the following day an aged countryman arrived at the Baum residence, which stood on the main street of Columbus.

"I reckon Mrs. Baum lives here," drawled the countryman to the servant who answered the ring.

"Yes, sir---"

"Please tell her Mr. Dan'l Greenhead hez cum ter see her, will yeou!"

The servant followed instructions and at once led the countryman into a back sitting room.

Closing the doors, the countryman removed his wig and beard and stood beside a lady of forty, a clean-shaven young man, with a bright and handsome face.

"I am Dick Dart, Madam, at your service," he said.

Of course Mrs. Baum was greatly astonished. But she quickly recovered, and explained matters to our hero.

Dick Dart listened closely to all the details she had to tell.

Then he made inquiries and interviewed Isaac Baum, who lay on his bed, still too weak to move.

"Answer me one question," said Dick Dart. "Was there anything peculiar about the letter which was registered by you?"

"I---I---really can't say."

"Try to think. Was there anything wrong with his neck here?"

Dick pointed a little to the left of his windpipe as he spoke.

Isaac Baum reflected for a moment. Then he sat up suddenly in bed.

"There was! I remember it perfectly now! The rascal had a long red mark as if he had been cut with a rope!"

Dick Dart smiled to himself.

"That is all I want to know," he said.

Ten minutes later he left the house, leaving Isaac Baum in bed to make out of the interview what they could.

CHAPTER III.

LEAGUE OF POSTOFFICE ROBBERS.

Dick Dart had guessed an important truth. Yet he told no one of it.

Such was his way of doing.

One of the elements which had contributed largely to his success was the habit of keeping his own council.

After leaving the Baum home Dick hurried through Columbus until he came to an old mill.

The mill had not been used for years, and was in a wretched condition.

The young detective saw the mill when he saw a shabby-looking tramp shuffle forth.

Instantly Dick sprang behind some bushes out of sight.

The tramp passed within five feet of him, but did not see the young millionaire detective.

Swiftly Dick followed the man.

It was after 6 o'clock and growing dark fast.

The tramp passed through the lower end of Columbus, and came out on a corner of the street opposite Giles Chalmer residence.

Here was a letter box.

Without a chance, the tramp edged up to the letter box.

He leaned against it, and Dick saw him shyly open the door with a false key.

A dirty hand went into the box and brought out several letters.

Dick sprang forward.

"Here, you tramp, what are you up to?" he cried, and caught the rascal by the collar.

"Lemme go!" hiccoughed the tramp.

He pretended all at once to be very drunk.

"I'll not let you go off to the lock-up! You have no right to rob our letter boxes!"

The tramp began to twist. Dick got the letters from him and then pretended to be unable to hold his man. The tramp finally wrenched himself loose and ran off like a deer in the direction from which he had come. Dick Dart laughed to himself.

"For a tramp he runs immensely," he thought. "A good disguise, that."

Dick let the fellow get out of sight

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Then he looked at the letters and dropped them back into the letter box, which he closed.

Slipping into a nearby lane, Dick made several lightning changes in his disguise.

He went in as Dan't Greenhead, the countryman; he came out as a burly and slouchy negro.

Without delay he followed the fellow who had attempted to rob the letter box.

The apparent tramp had gone straight to the old mill.

Looking ahead, Dick saw him enter the building.

It was now dark.

Without making a sound, Dick crept up to the old mill and peered inside.

Not a light of any kind.

He listened. Utter silence.

In what direction had the would-be box thief disappeared?

"He's answered one, and a member of the gang," thought Dick.

As silently as a shadow, he entered the main apartment of the old mill.

He walked across the floor.

Suddenly a gleam of light shot up through a crack in the floor.

It lasted but for an instant, yet that was sufficiently long for Dick Dart.

His quarry was down there.

Should he attempt to descend?

It would be a risky thing to do.

The men he was after were desperate characters.

The murder of Giles Chalmers told that: at least he thought so.

But Dick Dart was as brave as he was shrewd.

He could take big chances when anything was to be gained by so doing.

He hunted around in the dark until he found a narrow set of steps leading to the stone apartment under the old mill.

All was dirty and full of flour, the latter musty with age.

He went down with extreme caution.

The bottom gained, he paused.

Ear over the left came a murmur of voices.

He could not understand it.

To the left was the river.

Could those be two after be in a boat?

He looked out of a small window.

All was dark on the water, and no craft was in sight.

The murmur came from beneath the water.

Then he understood it. There was some sort of a cellar or cave under the bed of the mountain stream.

"A good hiding place," he thought. "But even such a place shall not save them from justice."

He paused again, then lit his pocket lantern.

Here was a trap door with a ring in it. That was enough. Out went the light and the door was pulled up.

A damp smell, like that of wood long submerged in water, greeted him. He felt his way to another set of narrow steps and went down at least fifteen feet.

A room was beyond, a room built directly under the stream. What a grand hiding place!

"No wonder the gang hangs around Columbus," said Dick Dart to himself. "No readesvous could be better than this. My long term is at last rewarded."

On the alert for a surprise, Dick Dart crept forward.

Soon he was in a position to hear all that was going on in the secret meeting place.

CHAPTER IV.

LEFT TO DIE.

Dick Dart could not see the men in the cellar under the river, yet by their voices he learned that they were four in number —the fellow who had essayed to rob the letter box and three others.

"Couldn't get them, eh?" said one voice.

"No, an old duffer was too quick for me," replied he who had just returned.

"Who was the man?"

"Oh, an old countryman."

"Sure it wasn't a spy?" put in another of the men.

"Spy? Not much!"

"Then you couldn't tell if the letter was there or not?"

"I couldn't tell nothing. I was glad to get away."

"Too bad. Well, we'll go at the woman in another way," said the first speaker.

At these words Dick Dart smiled.

There was a thin door between himself and those in the room beyond.

The young millionaire tried it.

Finding it unlocked, Dick pushed it open for the space of several inches.

This was a risky thing to do, but "nothing ventured, nothing gained," Dick thought.

Yet another surprise awaited him.

The four men present were black masks, which completely hid both their heads and faces.

Even he who had tackled the letter box was thus equipped.

A moment of silence followed the last words spoken.

"Where next?" finally asked the shortest man of the lot.

"To Denville, Limpy," replied the man who appeared to be the leader.

"A good squeeze?"

"Ought to be."

"All right."

"Any word from Peoria?" asked another.

"None, but we'll hear from there tomorrow, never fear."

"Can't hear too soon for me," growled the fellow called Limpy.

"Don't get worried, Limpy."

"The papers are mine!"

At that instant a far-away whistle sounded from somewhere outside.

Instantly the masked men sprang up and rushed toward the door.

Dick Dart was given no chance to retreat. He backed up against the wall and drew a pistol.

The masked men faced him in a body.

"A spy! A spy!"

"Kill the skunk!"

"How did he get in here?"

Then of a sudden, at a sign from their leader, all became silent.

"Surrender, if you would save your life!" commanded the leader.

He wanted Dick to lower his pistol.

But the young millionaire detective paid no attention to his words.

He was contriving how best to escape the gang.

He realized that a fight of one against four would be a most uneven one.

He stepped back to the stairs.

As he did this the trap door above opened and two more men appeared.

They wore no masks, but the instant they realized the situation they tied handkerchiefs over the lower parts of their faces.

Dick let fly a club at Dick Dart's head.

The young detective was struck and partly stunned.

In rushed the gang upon him, and although he fought desperately he was soon made a prisoner.

They got him down on his back and bound him with several ropes.

"Take him into the river chamber," said the leader, and this was done.

Dick Dart was placed on a rude bench, and the light of a lantern was turned full in his face.

"As I supposed," said the leader of the gang. "He is no black man at all."

"Wipe the burnt cork from his face and let us look at him again," suggested one of the newcomers.

This was done.

Then one of the men gave a loud cry.

"Boys, do you know who this fellow is?"

"No."

"It is Dick Dart!"

"What, the celebrated New York detective?"

"The same. I can swear to it."

"Then he dies!"

"Yes, he dies!" repeated the others.

At a signal the gang drew off to one side. They held a secret conference.

Soon the leader came back.

"Dick Dart, have you anything to say?"

"I have nothing to say," was the cool reply.

"I thought as much. You must die."

The leader motioned the gang to advance.

Many of the men took Dick up in their arms and carried him out of the meeting chamber.

They placed him in a hollow under the mill and close to the water.

Here they gagged him and bound him to a timber which lay flat on the soil.

"Now, Dick Dart, listen," said one of the gang. "You are to die the death of a spy. If you wish to say any prayers you had better say them now. In half an hour the water will rise, for the dam above will be opened, and then you will be drowned like a rat in a trap. So do we serve all spies."

With that the gang of the masked men left.

Dick was utterly helpless. He tried to move, but in vain. He essayed to cry out, but he could not make a sound.

The time went by swiftly. Presently Dick Dart started in alarm. The water was already rising, and more it would be over his head!

This fascinating story of pluck and adventure will be continued. Free cameras and free pictures to subscribers on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Won in a Walk.

I confess that sometimes, generally as I looked across the breakfast table, I had wondered how I ever had come to marry her, but I was ashamed of such disloyalty, and it therefore came as a sudden shock when she calmly said one morning:

"John, we must separate."

"Why, my dear, what?" I gasped.

"Yes," she said, nodding her head sagely, "we must separate. This is not a sudden whim, but a conclusion I have gravely matured during the past year. There is no good reason why we should not; there are no children to bind us, and I have my separate income. On the other hand, there are a number of reasons why we should; we are both a little weary of each other, you prefer cycling and I am addicted to golf, I like to read poetry and you can't see any sense in it, and—and—well, we are antagonistic in almost all of our opinions and habits and everything. But the great point is that I feel that I must have freedom to expand, to live my life unhampered by the petty cares of domestic existence. I am unutterably tired of being fettered in mind and body by the daily duty of providing meals and overseeing servants and all the sordid details of mere living. My soul cries out for release, and release it will be free!"

I listened in a sort of stupor. I dreamily saw my life and my home snatching out in blank loneliness. Now that it seemed inevitable that I must lose her I realized all she indeed was to me; the pallid gray future appalled me. As she ceased speaking I roused myself, determined in deadly earnest that it should not be.

"Very well, my dear, since your mind is made up irrevocably I shall not oppose your wishes. Besides, it leaves me free to make certain reforms which I have long thought of in this house." This I said in an ordinary conversational tone. Then I added, with slow, emphatic vehemence, "And I swear that never more shall a bed be cumbered with useless and always-in-the-way pillow shams."

I saw my wife shudder as she pictured to herself my style of housekeeping, of which my declaration gave her the inkling I desired.

"John," she faltered, "I—I was wild and foolish to talk like that. Forgive me, dear, and forget that I ever was such a goose. won't you?"

Wise Woodpeckers.

A Chicago professor who has been in the Maine woods this summer tells an interesting story of the intelligence of a family of woodpeckers which he encountered near the headwaters of the Allegash, and which were most uncommonly bright birds. As every one knows who has observed these birds at all, they feed on the worms which burrow into trees. Any worm with a fair amount of activity can bore a gallery three or four feet long in a tree in a single season, so to find his prey the woodpecker has to make several holes in the tree in order to get at his victim. This particular family of woodpeckers having some difficulty in getting at the worms after they had drilled a hole into his gallery, proposed to save themselves unnecessary work. And what do you think they did? In the Allegash woods grows the "Indian pole," a plant with berries possessing an alkaline juice particularly disagreeable to all animal life. And so these Allegash woodpeckers, having made an entrance into the domain of the borer, proceed next to drop berries of the Indian pole into the opening. And so much does the worm dislike the odor of the poke berries that he comes out to get away from it, and incidentally to eat, who has had the impertinence to cause him so much discomfort. He never gets any further than the entrance, because the woodpeckers are waiting there, and that worm is gobbled up so quickly that he never knows what happened to him. This seems like a good deal of a fairy story, doesn't it? But Professor Eastman J. Clarke says he saw it with his own eyes.

Pointed Paragraphs.

The tight-rope walker has a steady job.

A man's actions should correspond with his words.

The man who can really afford to burn money never does it.

Rowing is great sport—when the other fellow handles the oars.

A man whose wife is afraid to ask him for money will bear watching.

Love isn't stone blind when it comes to selecting the engagement ring.

The average man never knows when he's got enough until he gets too much.

One great trouble with the married man is that he is continually talking shop.

A slow man is always making preparations to do things that have already been done.

A buttonless shirt is a new invention. It was probably invented by a wifeless man.

Woman is a contradiction and after she gets married it is usually the imperative mood.

The amateur photographer takes people as they are while the professional takes them as they would like to be.

It's useless to worry. Even if a girl does accept your proposal of marriage she is apt to change her mind later on.

A man usually likes to stand high in the community in which he resides, but as a tax-payer he isn't anxious to be so highly rated.

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The Fatal Trail.

(Continued from page eleven.)

him, while he returned to the east with Red Rider.

And before they left Colonel Seeley asked: "But what of the fatal trail?"

"I must confess, sir, that among those outlaws was an Indian brave who had known me from childhood and recognizing me, met me on the trail one day."

"From that day on, he left me a warning of the trails ambushed and when I came through Jumping Off City Velvet Bill told me that the ambushers of the trail had gone; but why or how he knew it he would not say."

And so the miner and Red Rider started east and going on the famous Sam's coach, Daniel Darwin heard from him the story told him by Lucita Dillingham and the reward she had offered for his rescue.

It is needless to say that Daniel Darwin forgave the past and lived in the happy present in the love of the one whom he believed he had forever lost, and Betty, too, was the Indian's home, yet no longer known as a youth, for though Alice Sawyer, Surgeon Powell and a couple more at the time knew the secret, no one else suspected that the daring Red Rider of the Overland was a woman!

(The end.)

A WIERD LOVE TALE.

First of all you must hear who Cherry was. There is a little point or spit of land, or rather a rock, that runs into the harbor between Fowey town and the entrance to the creek, commanded by old castles.

On this spit of rock, at the beginning of the century, lived an old woman, Betty Chenoweth, and her daughter Cherry. Betty was a widow. Her husband had been lost in a fishing boat, and she had been driven to struggle with adversity, and had been prematurely aged by the stress of the struggle. She picked up a bit by baking, and this prong of rock Betty had set up an oven and there she baked bread and pies, also pies and pasties and fruits for the grocer and the artisans.

Cherry, her daughter, wandered over the downs and reaped gorse and thorns, and any waste brush that would make a quick fire wherewith to supply her mother's "oiken," the earthenware oven.

On one and another occasion she had come across a young coast guardsman, named Philip Maxwell. She was not a Cornishman; he came from up country, and consequently was much resented by the natives, who are peculiarly averse to strangers. He died in the end in the coast service which is specially odious to a Cornishman, who has the blood of smugglers in his arteries.

But nothing had passed between them further than an offer on the part of the young man to assist Cherry with her burdens, which was promptly and rejected with: "Now doan 'ee be a fule. You knows well enough that a horrid'ner hev you can't carry a drashy lot o' fuss about us a maid. You be paid a fule nothing, you is, so get along."

On one occasion Cherry mentioned to her mother that Philip Maxwell had been civil to her, but that she had kept him at a distance, because he was a "furriner."

"Cherry," the old woman replied, "fore thing; it's his misfortun' and not his fault. 'Tis nowise down too hand on him for that. My father's great aunt by marriage were a Dansez woman, but I niver'n seed her, for all that, her died hisyer. How about the pig us be goin' to kill, Cherry? Be he a-larnin' on it?"

"Only middlin', mother."

"Then us must get a bag o' barley meal to her ribs, and that's cruel expensive."

So matters stood—Philip making no further progress, the pig putting on fat—Cherry, by taking business bragging in a few francs, and Cherry getting over her diffidence about fuel—when the great storm of 1854 occurred. The storm had been threatening all day. It burst into fury at midnight. Betty and her daughter had prepared to go to bed, but hesitated to retreat under the blanket with the prospect before them of a wild night and the hearing the waves cast their spray against the window. The last wave set on one floor, the little bedroom or lean-to against the chamber that had the mother, shop, bake house, and all during the day.

"Oh, my, mother! I'm sure we're done for!" said Cherry, as a swash of water swept over the window.

"Stand your ground, Cherry, stand your ground!" answered the old woman; "wasn't it a whole packet o' troubles poured over my head when your poor father died and I were left wi' you and only a crooked sixpence in my pocket, and scarce a stick in the garding. But I put a good heart on it and stood my ground; I did."

"That's true," said the girl. "I forget, but, oh, mother!" A great wave crashed against the rock, struck the walls of the house, surged over the roof and water came down the chimney, flooding on and extinguishing the embers on the hearth.

"Oh, mother, mither! I'm sure we're done for!"

"Stand your ground, Cherry, stand your ground!" said the old woman, "But I'll just draw my jacket."

"I reckon I'll do the same," said her daughter.

"Oh, mither, mither! The storm and the tide jump and jumpin' together!" she remarked, after a pause, and a succession of wave and deluge sweeping the house.

"There, well a-daddee! Mither, mither, pigs! What will them blessed hanimals do?"

"We must try and save 'em," said Betty.

"Mither, you bide here. 'Tain't no good both on us runnin' into peril. I'll go out," advised Betty, along to leeward, Cherry," advised Betty.

Cautiously the girl stole out at the door. She had lighted a lantern, and this she swung in her hand. After opening the door she stood in it a moment, gasping for breath, and bracing herself against the wind, that almost threw her down. She fastened the door behind her, when she had got through, and crept round the house on the side away from the sea. She clung to the wall as she stepped along.

The water was high as she had never seen it before, swishing round the point and covering the neck of rock connecting the house with the main land. Wave after wave plunged across this neck, making it impossible for the girl and her mother to take refuge on shore should they desire to do so.

Having reached the seaward end of the dwelling she paused, watching her opportunity; the sky was not many paces off, but between her and it was a chasm, through which the waves of water raced, the wind in one continuous blast, the water in intermittent bursts.

The little low window of the cottage looked eastward out upon the pig stye; the light of the candle within illumined the spray as it drifted by.

"Now for it," said Cherry, and she made a rush.

The pigs were squealing. They were in as great terror of their lives as were the two women, and were in the wild devoid of the mortal internal force to sustain them under their fear of death.

"If we lose them we lose pigs," said Cherry, "we may as well give up. We'll have no bacon all the year round."

Two, three, five minutes elapsed.

The old woman sat within and prayed, when suddenly a crash like a thunderclap, a huge roller had come against the house, beaten in the little window, hit in with it, through the broken frame, borne by the velocity of the wave, came Cherry, holding one of the pigs, with both arms thrown around it. Some minutes elapsed before Cherry recovered herself so as to speak. She staggered to her feet but without relinquishing hold of the pig.

"Oh, mither, mither! Sure it's the end o' the world, and the shall be come!"

"Stand your ground, Cherry; stand your ground!" answered the mother. "And don't'y know Scriptur' better nor that? The world'll not be destroyed, but burnt. Where be t'other pig, too?"

"He's gone out to say," answered the girl, dolorously. "I had my hands full with one. I couldn't hold the both in that drashy wind."

"It's mun be thankful for what us have," said the mother. "Stand your ground, Cherry! Her as wor fattenin', and had the sack o' barley meal!"

"Yes, mither, I held fast to she."

"Glory hallelulye!" exclaimed Betty. "Glad the Scriptur' should be gone to say."

The waves now began to pour in at the broken window. The lady had been relinquished when Cherry and the pig on the back of the hollow had come tumbling in through the basement. The waves had flooded the little house.

"Cherry, mither, Betty, 'give me the pig. Her'll git cramp in the legs, and lose her appetite, and her'll be worth no more victuals if her bides down there. Thee cren't see to kill her and take the pig wi' me and sit high and dry."

With some difficulty the pig was heaved up on the table, and we'll hold her quiet, bled out of the water after it, and seated herself with the animal around her.

"Get up yourself, Cherry," said she; "get up on the table, and we'll hold her quiet for a time. How her poor heart be hentin', to be sure. Her can't ha' had on each a terrible amount o' fat, Cherry, or I couldn't feel her dear heart beat as I do."

Cherry got herself on the table and the two women sat on it with the fat pig between them.

They had not been in this situation long before they heard a violent knocking at the door, which burst open, and in dashed a man.

"Say, Cherry!"

The voice was that of Philip Maxwell.

"How I dew, Philip?" answered the girl, "a-settin' on the table along wi' our ol' pig and mither."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed the young coast guard. "I feared you might be swept away. Now, come, I will carry you one by one to shore."

"And the pig?"

"I don't know about the pig."

"He cren't be left," said Philip. He is terrible comfortable settin' on the table along of mither and me. Us must be kearful and tender to her, for her be all us can ha' this winter, and there's the bag o' barley meal to consider."

"I'm not so sure that it is possible to get back," said the young man, looking out. "With you I'll make the venture—hardly with the pig."

"No, thank'ee; I'll not go wi'out mither," answered the girl, readily.

Another huge plunge through the window and swished in through the door.

"Get up on the table, young chap," said Betty.

"Come and sit by me."

Philip hesitated.

"Or by the pig, and hold it tight. You can feel how her beat like mither's."

"Or by Cherry—it's all one, I reckon."

Then the coast guardsman did sit on the table, out of the water, which reached almost to his knees, and, by the blinding thereon—not by the pig, nor by old Betty.

"You must hold on," said the old woman. "Them great waves be like the devil, they'll come again and again, and we'll need. Betty thought that she could hear broken words and whispers passing on the further side of the pig, but she held on grunt at attention to them.

Presently Cherry put her face across the back of the fat sow and said to her mother: "Mither, mither, dear. He's gone and axed me to be his wife."

"Stand your ground, Cherry, stand your ground. Don t'y be too Frolicsome and yield till to-morrow."

Then ensued a little more whispering, interrupted by booming of waves, wailing of winds and grunting of the pig.

Then again the girl's head was turned to her mother across the back of the pig.

"Oh, mither, mither! De'y now tell me what I'm to answer and say. He's terrible pressin', be he."

"Stand your ground, Cherry, stand your ground," responded the old woman; "there's the winder all broken and seat abroad. It'll ca' Lizzie and Jane to fight. Will he do that for the sake o' you?"

A little low whispering; then, "Yes, mither, he'll put in a new casement."

"Don't give up to wance, Cherry. There's the pig stye—I reckon all washed away. Do'y think he valleys you sufficient to build a new pig stye?"

After a brief conference Cherry said: "Yes, mither, he'll make us up a new pig's house."

"What's brave," remarked Betty. "Then, maiden, as us have lost one pig, I reckon we'll take'n."

So taken Philip was.

Mailed Shad.

Few persons know that there are more than 500 species of shad, chiefly in the waters of North and South America, Asia and Africa, but the most interesting of all of these is the mailed shad (callichthys callichthys) of South American waters. It is covered on both sides with a double row of thick plates, and the head is also hard and bony. On account of this coat-of-mail the fish has the strangest appearance of all of the shad species. Only ichthyologists would recognize it as a shad at all, and most people would think it was some strange crea-

Biddy—As-go on wit' you and your blarney about love at first sight. Sure, how does yez know if I have a weak digestion or a kind heart?

Terry—Faith, darlint, even if yez hadn't the heart or the disposition yer graceful figure and remarkable face has po—

(But here's where the parrot couldn't stand it any longer.)

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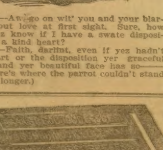

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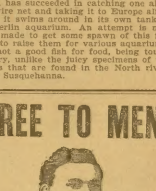

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A Foolish Traveler.

That a trip on an ocean steamer may prove a dangerous journey, even when the weather is fair, is shown by a story told in Chamber's Journal. It concerns a young Englishman, of whose folly and its consequence the writer was an eyewitness.

It was the Englishman's first trip, and he gradually found himself drawn into a game of poker with three or four professional sharpers. The men were most presentable in manners and dress, and older travelers than their victim might have been deceived.

He played, and played again. They knew how to draw him on, allowing him often to win, but getting him in deeper with every game. At last, one afternoon, only twelve hours from New York, he found himself almost penniless. Of the hundred pounds with difficulty scraped together by his father to give the son a start, only a few shillings remained. The young man sat staring at the card-table. He was ruined, hopeless, and among strangers.

Presently there dropped into a seat by his side a quiet-looking man who usually sat in a corner of the smoking-room, and who had once tried to save the Englishman a hint to "go slow."

The advice had been haughtily resented. Today, however, the stranger found the youth in a different mood. In a fatherly way he drew from him his story, and then spoke encouraging words.

A little later that same quiet-looking man joined a party of elderly men on deck. He explained to them the young man's situation, and in a body they sought the sharpers. One—a nonentity—who had been appointed spokesman, attacked the gamblers, who were still laughing among themselves at their success in "cleaning out the Britisher." The spokesman did not believe in preliminaries.

"You men have cleaned out that young Englishman of every cent he has!" he exclaimed. "I don't say you've swindled him, but I have my own opinion, and I think, and so we all, that you ought to refund."

There was a storm of vituperative rejoinder, to the effect that the game was a square one, and if the other fellow had lost, so much the worse for him.

Then the quiet man stepped forward, and looking hard at the leader of the gang, said, "Joe, pay up," and that was all he did say at the moment.

The effect was magical. The sharper glared at him, then turned pale, and muttered, "It's true, is it? Didn't know you."

"No, I didn't suppose you did," was the reply. "I've been a bear'd since I saw you last. Now pay up quickly, or—"

"All right," was the quick response. "I'll do what's fair."

With that he handed over a roll of notes and some gold, saying, "There's ninety pounds. We got a hundred, but we've spent over ten on drink and cards."

Needless to say, the Englishman was delighted to get back so much of his money, he vowed he would never touch a card again. It is to be hoped that he kept his vow.

The quiet man was a kindly detective, who knew the gang and the leader well, and they equally well knew and feared him.

Don't Fear Man.

From my own observation, and from comparing notes with other naturalists and hunters, I am of the opinion that all wild animals learn to dread man only when they find him to be an enemy bent on their destruction. As long as he comes and goes without disturbing them—unless they regard him as their natural prey—they care as little for his presence as they do for that of other animals that have no motive for injuring them.

Birds, for example, that have learned to dread man's destructive gun, have no fear of the farmer, the cow or the sheep. When a farmer sees, perched on the limb of a tree, a hawk, which he knows is planning a visit to his hen yard, he mounts his horse, and, with gun in hand, rides within easy shooting range of the hawk. The bird cannot at that distance separate the hostile man from the harmless horse.

Entertained by a Hen.

The ways of a hen are often original and sometimes mirth-provoking, and a Plymouth Rock did novel and amusing things, to the joy of a car-load of passengers, on a recent trip from Braddock to Pittsburg. The Pittsburg Commercial Gazette tells the story.

Carrying a hen proudly, a man who was evidently a foreigner got on the trolley-car at Braddock. He was drowsy and not quite sober, and he crossed his legs, set the hen on his lap and went to sleep.

Four miles out of Braddock the hen suddenly woke from its reverie, and cackled. Its owner opened his eyes and found himself and his hen objects of interest. He was annoyed; but the passengers had more or less excuse for staring; they had discovered a fresh egg resting snugly on the man's lap.

No one could speak the man's language, but every one was bound that he should know what had happened. Twenty index fingers pointed to the hen, and forty eyes were turned in the same direction. Finally the stranger lifted the hen tenderly, and the secret was revealed.

Then he was wide awake. With his left hand he held the egg aloft, that all might see; with his right hand he affectionately stroked the hen. Everybody smiled. All at once it seemed to occur to him that refreshments were in order. He grinned at his fellow-passengers, tapped the shell on the edge of the seat to open a way to the interior, and swallowed the egg.

Pearls Among Women.

The word "Margaret" signifies in Greek a pearl and in French a daisy. The simplest of flowers and the most recherche of gems bear one and the same name. As we tread down the wee, modest, crimson-tipped flowerret which brightens and beautifies lawns, we may remember that Burns, with a poet's instinct, calls it a "gem." A daisy chain and a string of pearls have much in common. Both are simple and yet elegant.

This union of simplicity and elegance, when they meet in a female character, has a wonderful charm, and it is certainly notable that almost all the ladies Margaret of history have been women whose contemporaries and posterity have alike delighted to honor.

Small for His Age.

"Grandfather," said a saucy little boy the other day, "how old are you?"

The old gentleman, who was much under the ordinary size, took the child between his knees and said: "My dear boy, I am 85 years old, but why do you ask?"

The little fellow replied: "Well, it seems to me you are very small for your age."

"Hello, Dasherly! Glad to see you at the club again. You deserted us for a long time. How comes it you are with us again?" "Oh, I was married a few days ago."

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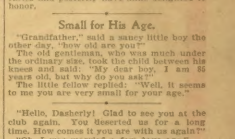

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BECAUSE THE HOUSEWIFE DIDN'T USE

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This wonderful table or desk world stands 13 inches high. It is 8½ inches in diameter and about 25 inches in circumference. It has wooden base and upright. It is fastened on a pivot so it can be revolved or placed at any angle desired. The oceans are shown in pale blue, the countries in red, green and yellow. Mountain ranges, rivers, cities, ports and islands are all clearly shown, as well as the capes, bays and harbors. It is a great article to have in the home. Every family should have one. It is instructive and interesting. OUR FREE OFFER: In order that every reader of this paper may get this WORLD FREE, we will send it, all charges prepaid, to every one who sends us 15 cents in stamps or silver for a three months' subscription to Boyce's Monthly. We believe we can introduce our great monthly in thousands of homes in this way. When you see the choice reading and splendid premiums we know you will want the paper regularly. Boyce's Monthly has from 16 to 24 pages every issue. Remember that we give the world free, the 15 cents merely pays for a three months' subscription. Address,

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES.

Children's Table Manners.

It has been noticed that as a rule children are not as well trained as they should be, and a writer makes these suggestions or elementary instruction:

Drink from the cup, never from the saucer.

Little children only have the napkin arranged as a bib.

Making a noise, either in eating or drinking is vulgar.

Always cheerfully defer to older people or guests.

Eat slowly, and do not fill the mouth with large quantities.

Eat the food served or quietly leave it on the plate without remark.

Avoid drumming with the fingers or feet; it is the height of impoliteness.

If in doubt at any time as to what is proper follow the example of others of more experience.

Patiently await the coming of your turn; do not follow with the eyes the food served to others.

Never unnecessarily handle the dishes, or in any manner exhibit nervousness or impatience.

Phyllis in the Country.

For the first time in her short life Phyllis is spending a summer in the country, in the lake regions of Wisconsin. Even a full sky was new to her when she first saw it.

"Why, papa, the sky is round up here!" was her first exclamation of astonishment at a full sweep of unbroken horizon. Since then nature's wonders have appealed to her in many ways, and one of her comparative observations are very quaint.

She had never seen a gnat in her city home. One evening a tiny mite flew into her face.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "a piece of a fly has got into my eye!"

She got over that her father went in bathing he thought to frighten her by diving. He stayed under the water as long as was possible, and much to his surprise Phyllis was clapping her hands in delight when he reappeared.

"Hide again, father," she shouted; "hide a long time!"

The Obstacle.

Tommy, aged five, and his cousin Willie, aged six, had several little altercations, in which Tommy invariably got the worst of it. One day his mamma said to him:

"Tommy, tomorrow is Willie's birthday. Wouldn't you like to give him something?"

"You just better believe I would," was the reply; "but you see he's bigger than I am, and I can't."

How to Remove a Tight Ring.

Most girls who have had baby rings have had trouble in removing them from their fingers.

"There is really no necessity for all this ado about removing a tight ring," said a downtown jeweler, "in that, as in everything else, the secret of success lies in knowing how to do it. Here is a recipe that I have found unfailing for removing a tight ring, and there is no painful surgical operation involved, either. Thread a needle fast in the eye, using thread that is strong but not too coarse. Then pass the head of the needle under the ring. Care, of course, must be used in this, and it would be best to soap the needle before beginning. The needle having been passed through, pull the thread through a few inches toward the hand—so." By this time the jeweler had passed the needle and thread under the ring on his own finger, and was prepared to illustrate the little lecture. "Wrap the long end of the thread tightly and regularly around the finger toward the nail in this manner. Then take hold of the short end and unwind it—so. The thread, thus pressing against the ring, will gradually remove it, however tight or swollen the finger."

His Message.

Excitement to often the cause of strange telegrams, as well as of other strange manifestations.

A man who had been one of the passengers on a shipwrecked vessel was rescued almost by a miracle. On getting at a place from which he could send a telegraphic message, he forwarded the following dispatch to his brother:

"I am saved. Try to break it to my wife."

Johnson—My wife fooled me the other night by asking me to stop the clock when I came in, as it disturbed her rest, and the next morning there was the hour of my home coming staring me in the face.

Jackson—My wife asked me to start ours when I came in, and the next morning she figured out the difference in time between it and her watch in such a way as to prove me a liar by nearly three hours.

A YOUTHFUL SPENGALI.

"What yer doin' there, Chimmie?"
"Sh! I'm mesmerizin' her!"

SUPPOSE.

BY MYRTLE HERMON.

Suppose, my little lady, your doll
Should break its head,
Could you make it whole by
Crying till your nose and eyes were red?
And what if it be pleasant,
To treat it as a joke,
And say you was glad it was
Dollie's head and not your own that broke.

Suppose you was dressed for walking,
And the rain came pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout?
And make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest way to act,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

"John has five oranges; James gave him eleven and he gives Peter seven—how much has he left?" Before this problem the class recoiled. "Please, sir," said a young lad, "we always deer our oranges in June."

"I'm afraid Willie will disgrace the family, John." "What has he been up to now?" "Why, I gave him a quarter to buy a scrapbook." "Well, what did he do?" "Bought home a book called 'Points on Pugilism.'"

Johnny—Pa, why is it they call them the dead languages? Pa—Because, my son, they live for so short a time in the memory of those who study them.

PILES

"I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man."
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PUZZLE

FIND THE PRINCESS.

The picture represents four men and a boy and a horse in the act of rescuing one of the Princess Elsa's maids in the forest. She is hanging by her hair between two branches, carefully and you may find her. Study all points carefully and turn it around slowly and you may discover her. If you do you will be entitled to a prize. Mention in your letter that you found Elsa, in pay for a year's subscription to BOYCE'S MONTHLY and we will send you the beautiful stick pin shown in this advertisement. Following is a description of the four prizes:

PIN A is a gold plated stick pin, very handsome design, about one-half size of picture.

PIN B is an oxidized silver pin, very handsome design, about one-half size of picture.

PIN C is a round gold plated pin, with a beautiful imitation of a genuine ruby.

PIN D is an imitation of a genuine diamond. Turquoise is one of the birthstones, while stones in accordance with BOYCE'S MONTHLY are known of no better way than pleasing our readers, knowing they will continue your subscription. BOYCE'S MONTHLY is filled with the best literature from the pens of the greatest American authors. Conan Doyle, the great detective writer; Richard Harding Davis, Opper, Rider Haggard, and other famous authors. Upon receipt of your answer, with 10 cents in stamps, we will send the first prize, postage prepaid, to your address.

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